

From the Edinburgh Review.

*The Life and Letters of Barthold George Niebuhr. With Essays on his Character and Influence.* By the Chevalier BUNSEN, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1852.

As a Roman historian the name of Niebuhr has long been familiar to English readers. The admirable translation of his great work given to the world by Hare and Thirlwall, and the unbounded admiration expressed by Dr. Arnold for his guide and predecessor in the labyrinth of early Roman annals, have in some degree enabled our countrymen to do justice to that singular combination of vivid imagination and critical acumen which so peculiarly fitted Niebuhr for his task. While his extensive and minute acquaintance with philology placed at his disposal resources possessed in equal measure by few who had trod the same path; while his profound study of political science prepared him to discern the real meaning and nature of the civic institutions of ancient times, which to others presented only a heap of incomprehensible confusions; while his critical faculty enabled him to put aside all that was purely legendary and excrement, and to detect whole volumes of prolific and explanatory truths in careless fragments which had escaped the notice of his predecessors, as Cuvier discovered in a few mutilated bones the key to whole systems of classification—he was at the same time endowed with an historical imagination of singular creative energy and judgment. It transported him unreservedly to the position and point of view of antiquity, so that he penetrated into and reconstructed the past, and restored in distinct outlines and coloring the dim and faded forms of ancient polity. Hence, though several of his decisions have been set aside on fuller consideration and a wider induction, and though some of his followers, by adopting his method, have improved upon his work, yet to him still remains the credit, not only of having been the first thoroughly to comprehend the spirit and character of the early constitution of Rome, but of having introduced, if not invented, an entirely new mode of dealing with the materials of the history of former ages.

But it is not sufficiently known that Niebuhr was nearly as eminent a statesman as he was an historian. He entered public life very early, and only quitted it seven years before his death. With the exception of about three years between 1810 and 1813, when he held a professorship at Berlin, he was actively and incessantly engaged either as an administrator or an ambassador. In 1796 he went to Copenhagen, and in 1823 he left Rome for Bonn. His historical studies were prosecuted, often at great disadvantage—generally amid the toils of office and the distractions of the most exciting and disturbing period which Central Europe had witnessed for centuries. He was the associate of the German statesmen quite as much as of the German literati of the period; and political interests occupied a far larger share of his time and attention, and seemed to have clung still nearer to

his heart, than his antiquarian or speculative researches. It is in this character—as a statesman and a family man—that these volumes chiefly depict him. Some years ago, his sister-in-law, Madame Hensler, with the assistance of some of his friends, published three volumes of his correspondence, accompanied by biographical notices of his career. A selection from these is now presented to the English public. Those letters have been omitted which could have interest only for Germans; while, on the other hand, many allusions and brief notices which, in their original form, would have been intelligible only to Germans, have been amplified and explained by the English translator, who has, at the same time, with most meritorious diligence, studied the history and memoirs of the period (particularly the Memoirs of Stein, for many years Niebuhr's chief and fellow-laborer) with the view of bringing to bear upon the narrative every elucidation within reach. The authoress (for it is the work of a lady) has, so far as we can venture to pronounce, executed her task with great judgment and care; her style is unusually elegant, fluent, and correct; she spared no pains in consulting all the surviving friends of Niebuhr to whom she could obtain access; and she has been enabled to enrich her work with estimates of the character and influence of Niebuhr as a man, a diplomatist, and an historian, from the pens of three of his countrymen—one of whom, Chevalier Bunsen, has himself achieved a European reputation.

Niebuhr's father, the celebrated Arabian traveler, was a German, but Niebuhr himself was born in Copenhagen. The consequence was that he belonged both to Denmark and to Germany, was able to serve both countries, and learned the languages of both simultaneously in infancy. He received the rudiments of his education at Meldorf, in Holstein, whither his father had retired, and afterwards studied at the University of Kiel. In both places he was distinguished for unusual zeal and diligence, and a genuine and intense interest in his studies; and his power of acquiring languages was almost unexampled. At one time he was master of twenty different tongues.

The Greek and Roman classics were at all times the most attractive to him; but while at college he only permitted himself to read them as a sort of reward for industry. When reading the ancients, he completely lived in their world and with them. He once told a friend, who had called on him and found him in great emotion, that he often could not bear to read more than a few pages at a time in the old tragic poets; he realized so vividly all that was said, and done, and suffered, by the persons represented. He could see Antigone leading her blind father—the aged *Edipus* entering the grove—he could catch the music of their speech, and felt certain that he could distinguish the true accent of the Greeks, though he could not reproduce it with his barbarian tongue.

His liveliness of imagination, and quickness and depth of feeling, rendered his mental condition extremely variable; his sense of enjoyment was so keen, that anything which gave him pleasure would at times affect him even to tears; while, on the other

hand, trivial circumstances would occasion him an unwarrantable degree of annoyance, or even excite him to momentary asperity. His sensitive physical temperament aggravated this tendency, and when he was suffering in body or had overstudied himself, he became dull and incapable of mental exertion, and in such cases he would often fancy that his faculties were giving way; but an interesting conversation with a friend, or a literary work of importance, was sufficient to recover him from this state, and restore him to his mental powers.—(Vol. I., p. 31.)

The following extract from a letter to his father (written in 1794, when he was only eighteen) will show the high standard he entertained of the qualifications necessary for the task and the literary position which he already began to contemplate and aspire to:—

My head swims when I survey what I have yet to learn—philosophy, mathematics, physics, chemistry, natural history. Then, too, I must perfect myself in history, German and French, and study Roman law, and the political constitutions of Europe as far as I can, and increase my knowledge of antiquities; and all this must be done within five years at most, so far as a foundation can be laid in that time, for truly it will not allow me to accomplish more than that with regard to most of these things; and it would be hard indeed if I could not find time and opportunity afterwards to complete the superstructure. I must know all these things, but how I shall learn them, Heaven knows! That I shall require them, as a learned man, or in any position I may occupy, I am fully convinced.—(Vol. I., p. 41.)

When only twenty years of age, Niebuhr received an invitation to Copenhagen, where he resided from 1796–1798, at first in the capacity of private secretary to Count Schimmelmann, the Danish minister of finance—a statesman of remarkable integrity and nobleness, and subsequently as royal librarian. In 1798 he visited England, and resided a considerable time in Edinburgh, where he entered himself as a student of the University. He does not appear to have sought or greatly appreciated English society, though his introductions and his father's celebrity gave him access to the best circles. He does full justice in his correspondence to the strong sense and practical ability of the nation, but his letters are filled with complaints of the reserve and coldheartedness of nearly all whom he met with. The characteristic difference between the manners of Germany and England appears to have led him on this occasion into an error scarcely worthy of his usual sagacity and penetration. "What Mr. Russell has done, out of regard to my father" (he writes to his betrothed), "would not often be done with us; and it is perhaps the main distinction between our mode of treating a stranger and that in use here, that we more quickly conceive a personal attachment and try to give pleasure; while the English in the same case spare no pains to be of use, but leave their friend to seek out his amusements for himself." So far all is just; but what follows is superficial and unsound.

In England you would seek almost in vain, I think, for the warmth and depth of feeling which characterize our friendships in Germany; isolation is the natural position to a young man, though, in individual cases, high esteem and veneration may call forth warm expressions of attachment, particularly in absence. . . . But I have never witnessed nor heard of family life full of deep and tender affection, nor of a hearty, enthusiastic, mutual confidence be-

tween young men. I have, indeed, though very rarely, been told of ardent love between married people, which expressed itself through the deep sorrow felt by the survivor; but even this love led to no results, for in other respects they retained the same indifference to all that appears to us of the highest value. Every young man has a crowd of friends; indeed, any one can have as many as he likes. But this sort of friendship consists simply and solely in a taste for paying each other long and frequent visits, and then killing the time together, either in wild excesses, or in sleepy conversation, or boisterous merriment. I have remarked and proved by experience, what, perhaps, will astonish you, that it seems very strange to a young Englishman for a young man to speak of his absent friends with warmth, and to occupy himself with thoughts of them in his solitary leisure hours; and to this void in their hearts and imaginations, perhaps their universal licentiousness may be in a great measure ascribed. They are only happy in the enjoyment of sensual pleasures. They are much more ready and obliging in undertaking trouble for their acquaintance than we usually are; but it is no great merit in them; bodily activity is an enjoyment to them, and they are accustomed to it by their whole education and mode of life.—(Vol. I., p. 131.)

Niebuhr mistook want of demonstration for want of feeling. The reserve which he complains of—the shrinking from the expression of warm affection, and from lightly laying bare the secret fountains of the heart, which to him was so painful a contrast to the ready *épanchement* of the Germans—is the fruit of that native manliness of temper and habitual self-control which we regard as among the most valuable of our national characteristics. A German lays open to his friend the inmost sentiments of his soul without difficulty and without reticence; he lavishes on him expressions and manifestations of attachment which sound to us almost maudlin, and which an Englishman would blush to bestow upon any but the cherished mistress of his heart. Two German friends, after an absence of a year, filled up by a correspondence as voluminous as that of school-girls, will rush into each other's arms, with tears of rapture and prolonged embraces. Two Englishmen, whose hearts have beat in unison ever since they were boys, meet after long and silent absences, spent in voyages to the Antipodes, with a hearty shake of the hand, and the respective ejaculations, "Well, old boy, how are you?" "My dear fellow, I am delighted to see you!" Yet these men would unhesitatingly lay down their lives and fortunes in each other's service; their sympathy is deep and ready in each other's troubles, and is known to be so, however slight may be the manifestations of it; and they promptly divine and respect each other's feelings, though seldom speaking of their own. There are many sentiments—and those the tenderest and profoundest—which an Englishman conceives that it would be sacrilege to clothe in words. A German—whether because his feelings are less deep, or his nature and his taste less sensitive—has no comprehension of this dignified reserve. The explanation of one of our old poets would appear to him the height of injustice:—

Passions are likened best to floods and streams—  
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb:  
Hence, when affections yield discourse, it seems  
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.

We seldom consider enough how much we owe to that daily habit of controlling and concealing our emotions which makes us so undemonstrative

and unexpansive; what strength it confers upon the character; what a power of meeting sorrow with serenity, and suffering with the resources of a stern endurance, it cultivates and trains; what an effect it has, not only in sparing the feelings of others, but in mitigating the severity of our own. Those who habitually give way to emotion induce a softness of temperament which, though it may be often amiable, is always dangerous; those who are early taught to *command* emotion, acquire a power almost of commanding calamity itself; in the presence of perils they can conceal their fears; and even in the presence of death they do not wholly lose the ingrained habits of a life-time. Like Charles II., whose exquisite urbanity led him, though of no heroic nature, to apologize to his friends for the unconscionable prolongation of his final agony, they never wholly forget what is due to those around them; or, like the stoic men of old, they draw their mantles around their face and lie down silently and decorously to die.

In May, 1800, Niebuhr married the sister of Madame Hensler—a true helpmate and a worthy sharer in all his toils and interests. She appears to have been a woman of a noble spirit and a cultivated mind, and to have exercised throughout both a soothing and elevating influence upon the somewhat wayward and irritable temper of her husband. Niebuhr's attachment to her was enthusiastic and devoted; and they enjoyed fifteen years of domestic felicity, broken only by her ill health and the public calamities of that disastrous period, in which they so largely participated. Immediately on his marriage Niebuhr returned to Copenhagen, where he had been appointed to a high post in the Board of Trade, to which was afterwards added the directorship of the National Bank. This position and his connexion with Count Schimmelmann, the finance minister, compelled him to give his whole attention to fiscal and commercial matters; and for six years he discharged his double duties with a skill, zeal, and disinterestedness which acquired him the esteem and affection of his colleagues and superiors, and, as he records in his letters, won the hearts even of the Jews. His scanty leisure was employed in his favorite study—ancient history; and it was during this period that he first developed his notions respecting the Agrarian Laws of Rome, which afterwards formed so marked a feature of his great work. But he felt all the time that he labored under a great disadvantage; he could only bring to the investigation of historical problems occasions snatched from the turmoil of a busy life, and a mind wearied and harassed by the details of official routine; and, instead of the society of men of learning and leisure, his principal associates, he tells us, were merchants, bankers, and Hebrews. When, therefore, the Prussian prime minister, Stein, who had heard of Niebuhr's reputation as a sound and skilful financier, invited him to Berlin, and offered him a high post in his own department (that of Director of the Bank), Niebuhr, though pained to leave his native country and his many friends, was too thankful both for the wider sphere of usefulness and the comparative leisure thus held out to him, not to accept the proposal with gladness. In October, 1806, he removed to Berlin, only a few days before the crushing defeat of Jena.

During the four years which comprised about the most confused and anxious portion of the annals of Modern Prussia, Niebuhr remained in the civil service of the state, under successive chiefs, and in various capacities. No sooner had he been

installed in office under Stein than he had to fly with the minister, first to Stettin, then in succession to Dantzic, Königsberg, Memel, and Riga. His letters depict in the most vivid language the wretched condition of the kingdom, and the despair of any better day which the marvellous victories and apparently irresistible power of Napoleon were gradually forcing on the minds both of English and continental statesmen. In 1806 he writes thus:—

I have ever hated the French as a state, and regarded the humiliation of Germany with the same feelings that breathe through your odes. It is over, and I shall now inveigh, like the prophet Jeremiah, against those who dream of resistance, unless a case were to arise in which, like the *Saguntines* and *Antigone*, we must rather choose death, when freely chosen and prepared for, the most solemn and beautiful thing to which life can aspire. Who could hesitate to prefer it to shameful servitude, even if he only regarded his own mental enjoyment? Meanwhile, it has not yet come to this with us in the north. Happy are we who have no children! For perhaps it might be well for whole nations to die out with this generation. With two gifts has England's genius blessed Lord Nelson and rewarded him for his deeds; that he died victorious, and, therefore, still full of hope, before he could know the defeat of Ulm; and, secondly, that he left no children to grovel under the oppression of those whom he had so often made to pass under his yoke. We shall soon see how the French will govern the world. What we shall not see in the consummation, but can already perceive in its commencement, is the degeneration of intellect, the extinction of genius, of all free, all liberal sentiments, the domination of vice, of sensuality, not even disguised by hypocrisy; the decay of taste and literature—in this respect we are already long past the dawn.—(Vol. i., p. 191.)

And again in 1809:—

I am constantly asking myself here, whether we are really living in the same age of the world that we did formerly, when we calmly reckoned beforehand on the future, or built castles in the air; or whether all before us is not, as it seems to our eyes, chaos and night—a universal destruction of all that now exists? . . . Schill's desperate step will, I fear, quite decide the fate of Prussia. It is only a legitimate consequence, and the last for which I would blame the emperor. For he will say to us: "Either you gave your consent to it, or you did not; if you did, you are my enemies; if you did not, you are no longer a state, because you can no longer control your own subjects." . . . Is Schill an adventurer, or a great man? In any case he is a fortunate man, even if he fall. It is the first new and unheard-of thing that has been done for many years. The dissolution of all civil bonds and institutions is completed; now must begin universal death and putrefaction, or the heavings of a new life. But where are its germs?—(Vol. i., p. 270.)

To us who live after the panic has subsided, and when the grounds of it are removed—and who can read past events by the light which subsequent disclosures have thrown over them—few things are more striking than the excessive alarm and despondency which Napoleon's march towards universal dominion excited in the minds even of the most strong and clear-sighted statesmen of the day. They saw him advance from victory to victory, lay prostrate often by a single blow the most renowned monarchies of Europe, attach one nation after another to his standard, and aggrandize his territories even more rapidly by diplomacy than by the sword. But they did not

see—perhaps they scarcely could—behind this brilliant exterior of events, the causes at work which, sooner or later, must inevitably arrest the tide of conquest, and roll it back with resistless violence upon the shores of France. They did not see that the utter exhaustion, both of population, commerce, and cultivation, which Napoleon's conquests involved, must soon bring these conquests to an end, by leaving him destitute of those natural resources which had hitherto enabled him to achieve them. They did not perceive that the enormous armies which were requisite to crush the more powerful of his antagonists must, in a remote and hostile land, fall to pieces from their own unwieldiness, or from their distance from the base of their operations; and, still more, that the cruel exactions and yet more cruel humiliations which he heaped upon the vanquished nations, were silently, but rapidly, arousing a desperate spirit of resistance and revenge which, when matured, would prove too mighty even for the energy of conquest, or the miracles of military science. The letters of Lord Jeffrey and the correspondence of Sir James Mackintosh (who assuredly was one of the most sagacious and profound observers of political events whom our age has produced) abound, like that of Niebuhr, in desponding passages as to the universal despotism which the French emperor was establishing, and the night of barbarism which was falling upon Europe. In 1808 Mackintosh writes thus to a friend:—

“Who can tell how long the fearful night may be, before the dawn of a brighter morrow? Experience may, and I hope does, justify us in expecting that the whole course of human affairs is towards a better state; but it does not warrant us in supposing that many steps of the progress may not be immediately towards a worse. The race of man may reach the promised land, but there is no assurance that the present generation will not perish in the wilderness. The prospect of the nearest part of futurity, of all that we can discover, except with the eyes of speculation, seems very dismal. The mere establishment of absolute power in France is the smallest part of the evil. . . . Europe is now covered with a multitude of dependent despots, whose existence depends upon their maintaining the paramount tyranny in France. The mischief has become too intricate to be unravelled in our day. An evil greater than despotism, or rather the worst and most hideous form of despotism, approaches—a monarchy, literally universal, seems about to be established. Then, all the spirit, vanity, and emulation of separate nations, which the worst forms of internal government have not utterly extinguished, will vanish. And in that state of things, if we may judge from past examples, the whole energy of human intellect and virtue will languish, and can scarcely be revived otherwise than by a spirit of barbarism.” (*Memoirs of Sir J. Mackintosh*, vol. i., p. 383. See also pp. 296, 307, 375, and his speech on Peltier's trial, for a repetition of the same gloomy forebodings.) When M. Guizot, in the preface to his recent work, speaking of the empire of Napoleon, calls it, not only the most dazzling and overwhelming, but also the most ephemeral meteor that ever crossed the horizon of the world, we must remember that he is speaking after the event; while the name of Napoleon seems a name to charm by, at least in France, even now.

During the whole of this melancholy period, however, Niebuhr continued his administrative

labors—now negotiating a loan with Holland, now aiding Stein and Hardenberg in their plans for the reorganization of the kingdom, and rising yearly in reputation as a financier. At the close of 1809 he was appointed Privy Councillor of State, and Manager of the National Debt and Monetary Institutions of Prussia, and thus describes his duties in a letter to his father:—

“ . . . I have made up my mind to accept no post, in which the execution of my plans would have been committed into other hands, for I know that these plans are salutary, and I feel an unequivocal vocation to render help to this suffering nation. The administration of finance is not a science that can be learnt by studying a system; it is in reality an art. Many of its rules cannot be reduced to the principles of a system, even in the hands of those who have the clearest practical acquaintance with them; besides, there are a hundred arts and knacks connected with its management, which one can only find out for oneself, by actual experiment and long practice. I am conscious of possessing this art, and venture to say, moreover, that I know very few who are more than bunglers in it. It would be bad, indeed, if I did not possess it, seeing that its acquisition has cost me the best years and the true vocation of my life.

“ . . . My first business now, is to mark out and divide our respective departments. In general, my department includes the management of the national debt, home and foreign, the bank notes or treasury bonds, the financial arrangements respecting the alienation of the crown lands, the investment of all the cash balances not immediately required, the collection of the outstanding debts due to the Exchequer, the salt monopoly, and the banking operations of the state. From the personal confidence with which the minister, Count Dolma, honors me, I shall also exercise a general supervision over the public debts and systems of credit of the separate provinces, and over the private banks, which I propose to establish. The extent of my duties will thus be very great, and, unless my health keeps good, I shall scarcely be able to get through them. But with method, and a retired life, arranged in all respects with reference to my work, I trust it will be possible to satisfy the demands of my conscience.—(Vol. i., p. 286.)

In 1800, Niebuhr resigned his post in the civil service of the state, and was appointed Professor of Ancient History in the newly created University of Berlin. The three years that succeeded were probably the happiest, and, as far as regarded fame, the most effective of his life. For the first time he was now able to give himself up unreservedly to those inquiries and speculations which he so much loved, and for which his marvellous natural gifts of memory and imagination, as well as his stupendous acquirements, so peculiarly fitted him. He immediately commenced those lectures on Roman History which formed the basis of his published volumes, and which were at once appreciated by the learned world of Germany. This congenial occupation continued till 1813, when the catastrophe of the French army in Russia reawakened in the minds of the Prussians the long dormant hope of liberation, and the whole nation sprang at once to arms. Niebuhr's letters convey a vivid impression of the all-absorbing excitement of this period. Even he, though a philosopher and a man of sedentary habits, seized a musket, and went through a regular course of drilling for the ranks. But the government naturally thought he might serve his country more effectually in some more suitable vocation, and recalled him to official life. In 1815 he lost his



wife, whose health had been greatly impaired by the hardships of their wandering life, and whom he loved with a deserved devotion. For a time Niebuhr was overwhelmed by the blow; but the company of his sister-in-law, Madame Hensler, and her niece, gradually restored him to serenity, and in 1816 he married the latter, and accepted the embassy to Rome, where he remained for seven years, till 1823.

At first sight it might appear as if this appointment were of all things precisely what Niebuhr should have desired, as affording him an opportunity for prosecuting his historical investigations with all the advantages of local knowledge, and of becoming personally acquainted with the scenes with which his imagination had been long familiar. But he does not seem to have regarded it in this light; he complains of it as an interruption to his studies, and laments especially over the want of stimulating society in the conversation of learned men engaged in pursuits similar to his own. But, in truth, from the day he entered Italy he appears to have looked on everything with a jaundiced eye. Rome was no longer the Rome of his dreams, and he could never quite forgive the modern city for being so unlike the ancient. Everywhere he could read only traces of degeneracy; "Even the very winds," he says, (ii. 80.) are greatly "changed for the worse!" So he spent his time in discussing diplomatic difficulties with the Pope and Cardinal Consalvi, deciphering ancient MSS., cramming and spoiling his son Marcus, and, worst of all, abusing the Italians, for whom he had no mercy, and of whose latent capacities and excellences he had evidently no appreciation:—

About the Italians you will have heard Ringseis' testimony, and we Protestants can leave it to him to paint the clergy and the state of religion in this country. With an enthusiast, so full of heart as R., you can get on; between such a luxuriance of fancy, and the unshackled reason, there is much such an analogy as subsists between science and art; while, on the contrary, the slavish subjection to the Church is ghastly death. The most superficial prophet of so-called enlightenment, cannot have a more sincere aversion to enthusiasm than the Roman priesthood; and, in fact, their superstition bears no trace of it. Little as the admirers of Italy care for my words, I know that I am perfectly correct in saying, that even among the laity you cannot discover a vestige of piety. The life of the Italian is little more than an animal one, and he is not much better than an ape endowed with speech. There is nowhere a spark of originality or truthfulness. Slavery and misery have even extinguished all acute susceptibility to sensual enjoyments, and there is, I am sure, no people on the face of the earth more thoroughly *ennuyé*, and oppressed with a sense of their own existence, than the Romans. Their whole life is a vegetation, and when we who live here, recall the apologies made by a partiality which even excuses their indolence, it is impossible to repress a feeling of indignation. While whole families, not to speak of the servants, sleep round the charcoal pans in winter, and often get suffocated out of pure idleness, the nobles carry on *conversazioni*, which are not much better, and in which, besides, most are neither speakers nor listeners. The universal knavishness, and love of pilfering, are also the effect of laziness; people must eat to cover themselves; and this must be made possible without interruption to their laziness. What it must be, to an honorable and public-spirited man, to live among such a people, I leave you to imagine. It is an utterly false idea to suppose that any relics of antiquity have been preserved in manners, customs, &c. . . . Still I could,

if need be, do without learned conversation; but to have no one with whom I can hold a rational conversation upon the affairs which concern mankind in general—upon the events occurring in England, Germany, and France—is positive death. Whether the *Disputa*, or the *Heliodor*, be the more perfectly painted, &c. &c., leaves me not only indifferent, but in the long run becomes insupportably tedious. Besides, it is not improving to be always limited to talking on subjects that you understand imperfectly, and on which you are always obliged to take a very inferior position to the persons with whom you converse, without any fault of your own.—(Vol. ii., pp. 130-133.)

If our space would admit, we should wish to break a lance with Niebuhr on behalf of this much maligned people, whom internal misgovernment and foreign domination have so long kept in a state of such deplorable and paralyzing thralldom, and whose nobler capabilities have been hidden by the forced inactivity to which tyranny has condemned them. What but the chase of pleasure, or the pursuit of intellectual trivialities, is left to men of education, to whom all political action, all official employment, is forbidden, and who, if they study and speculate either on religion, social philosophy, or civil science, must do so in silence and solitude, and too often at the hazard of their liberty? Surely, the noble struggle so recently waged against tenfold odds by the Sicilians, the Romans, and the Venetians, to say nothing of the successful achievements of the Piedmontese in the field of constitutional government, may be taken as indications of fitness for a higher destiny, whenever the turn of the wheel of fortune may make such possible for the Italians.

But we must hasten to a conclusion. Niebuhr quitted Rome in 1823, and fixed his residence in Bonn, where he remained till his death in 1831, partly engaged in official duties, but mainly occupied in literary studies. Here he resumed his professorship, delivered several courses of lectures, and continued his Roman History, and here, on the 2nd of January, 1831, he breathed his last.

Some of the most interesting of Niebuhr's letters are those in which he develops his views and anticipations with regard to the political condition and prospects of the continent and of England. His opinions of English politics, as given both in the "Correspondence" and in "England's Zukunft," appear to us often passionate, prejudiced, and narrow, and he speaks with a positive and oracular dogmatism which is sometimes offensive. But his sentiments with regard to Germany, though gloomy, are full of sound wisdom and melancholy pathos. He was an ardent lover of liberty, but he had no confidence in the efficacy of institutions to confer or to secure liberty where public virtue was defective or declining. "I have little faith" (he writes in 1817), "in the introduction of freer institutions, still less in their leading to any good results, while nations and their ideas remain what they are. . . . Freedom is quite impossible when the youth of a nation are devoid of reverence and modesty." Nor had Niebuhr any faith in the permanence or desirability of that freedom which is snatched by the sudden uprisings of democracy, or which is built upon the destruction of the old order of things. He looked with almost equal indignation on the tyranny of incompetent and insolent rulers, and the desires of an incompetent and presumptuous people. "Each man wants to govern, and thinks he can do it *extempore*; if you doubt his capacity, he feels

himself insulted. But no one is ready to bear burdens for the community." . . . On the other hand, he writes in 1819, "It is equally severe and unjust to have recourse to severe and coercive measures against a sect, which your very violence converts into a party, without in the least reforming your own proceedings, without redressing a single real grievance. How utterly without love, without patriotism, without joy; how full of discontent and grudge must life be, where this is the relation between subjects and their governments! Our rulers do not perceive that Prussia can only subsist upon a moral and spiritual basis. I know very well whose spiritual children the democrats are; I know you cannot allay their wild clamor, however well you govern, unless you do them the favor of adopting their senseless plans; but they could be detached from the people at large if the latter found they were governed wisely and well."

I am an anti-revolutionist, and from principle; but I am so likewise from my antipathy to revolutionary ideas, which would be in themselves repugnant to me, such as they are when conceived in shallow brains, even if they lead to no results whatever. At the same time, however, I hope you will give me credit for the most decided hatred to despotism, though I would not attempt, nor do I think it possible, to counteract it by evoking the demon of revolution. Dreaming will do no good; we must think; and we must rather resign ourselves to an evil, than wish to open the gates of hell upon us. But, believe me, I am not so unfair as to condemn those who merely dream, and wish this in their dreams; though I could weep tears of blood that such errors should be possible. I know that noble minds may be thus led astray; but when the confusions they excite deprive us all of the modicum of liberty still left to us, I have a right to be indignant. I am not now referring to the bad men who form the ringleaders; they are morally criminal; wisdom would not treat them as politically criminal, even if some among them are so, on which I will not decide, for if you touch them, you make martyrs of them. The only salvation would be to rule with conscientiousness, virtue, and love; and by this means the goal would infallibly be reached; and on one side, to become better, more virtuous, and more contented. No government could succeed, in the long run, in carrying out pernicious measures against a strong people, inspired by good and noble sentiments, and fulfilling its duties faithfully and conscientiously. To wish to bring about a better state of things by revolutions, which generally owe their origin to the base motives of their leaders, and in which bad means are invariably resorted to, is to pay homage to the jesuitical maxim, that it is lawful to make use of bad means to accomplish a (supposed) good object. I shall adhere to these principles, although I foresee that malice will persuade folly, on the one side, that I am a revolutionist—on the other hand, that I am a foe to freedom. Strange! that I am not misunderstood in France and England, where I am daily becoming better known.—(Vol. ii., p. 168.)

The French revolution of 1830 took him by surprise; after it, he writes in the following gloomy strain:—

It is my firm conviction, that we, particularly in Germany, are rapidly hastening towards barbarism, and it is not much better in France. That we are threatened with devastation, such as that two hundred years ago, is, I am sorry to say, just as clear to me, and the end of the tale will be, despotism enthroned amidst universal ruin. In fifty years, and probably much less, there will be no trace left of free institutions, or the freedom of the press, throughout all Europe, at least on the continent. Very few of the things which have happened since the revolution

of Paris, have surprised me. . . . Many royalists are not so in the same sense as I and my fellow-thinkers; they regard that as admirable and praiseworthy which we only defend as necessary in principle, without denying that in the actual state of things it often works very ill; and, therefore, while we maintain that if it fall, everything must go to ruin, yet, we prophesy that no human power can uphold it, unless a reform take place, and a new life be infused into it. For example, we say there must be an aristocracy, indeed, an aristocracy of many grades; but we add, at this moment there is no tolerable aristocracy existing, and that which calls itself such is a phantom from which all vital energy has fled. The other party are satisfied with this aristocracy as it is, and fancy it is only necessary to compel obedience. We say, make proper regulations, and obedience will not be wanting if a good example is set to the people. They think to accomplish all by repression, and we demand free scope for movement, in conformity with the law. We say, when the government understand their vocation of ruling, the subjects will soon return to theirs of obeying. And so on without end.

In this, our two parties (if I may call them so) agree, that revolution is rebellion, and that of the most ruinous kind that can befall a nation; and, likewise, that we despise the liberals beyond all expression for their shallowness and wickedness. But I do not thereby abrogate my conviction that it is only the despotism now inseparable from it, owing to the monstrosity of the ruling ideas of the present day, which renders revolution so utterly execrable, that it can bring forth nothing but evil, and that a sensible man ought to risk everything even for a bad government, sooner than submit to it. My conviction is, that ere the despotism of liberalism became all-powerful, there were perfectly justifiable revolutions, in which one power was victorious in the struggle with the usurpations of another power, as in England and the Netherlands. . . . Constitutional forms are of no use among an enervated or foolish nation. What avails the choice of representatives, when there are no men fit to represent the people? Is it answered, "let them learn by practice?" that is, indeed, to sport with the gravest matters. I say, give them free communal institutions, and let them, in the first instance, learn by practice within a sphere with which they are acquainted. Believe me (but that you know already), I know how to prize a free constitution, and am certainly better acquainted than most with its meaning and worth; but, of all things, the first and most essential is, that a nation should be mainly unselfish and honorable. If it is that, free laws will grow up of themselves by degrees.—(Vol. ii., p. 332.)

Altogether this work is one of the most valuable contributions to our biographical literature which has been made in recent times, and we earnestly recommend it to all our readers. It is impossible to peruse these volumes without learning to love Niebuhr almost as much as we have been accustomed to admire him. With hasty impulses, and a somewhat irritable temper, he combined a warmth of heart and a profound tenderness of nature which break forth in every line; while earnestness of purpose, ardent patriotism, and the sincerest devotion to the truth, overpowered all meaner or more selfish feelings, and conferred a tone of dignity and elevation to his character which renders the delineation here given of it at once attractive and inspiring. It must be a cold and unsympathizing spirit which can read this record of indefatigable industry, noble aspiration, sacred integrity, and unwearied zeal in the discharge of dry official duties, without the heartiest appreciation, and without something, at least, of a wish to emulate such rare ex-lownments.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## CHALMERS.\*

THOMAS CHALMERS was born at the little seaport of Anstruther, in Fifeshire, on the 17th of March, 1780; the sixth child of a family which extended to nine sons and five daughters. His father, John Chalmers, was a ship-owner and general merchant of the port; in state, a sturdy tory; in church, a great stickler for all the ancient ways of Puritanism. His mother, Elizabeth Hall, was the daughter of a wine-merchant at Crail. From his great-grandfather, minister of Elie in the same county at the beginning of the last century, and even yet revered in the parish for the traditional kindness of his demeanor, our present subject might have inherited that predisposition for the church which became conspicuous in his earliest childhood.

The sister of one of his school-fellows, at Anstruther, still remembers breaking in upon his brother and him, and finding the future great pulpit orator, then a very little boy, standing upon a chair, and preaching most vigorously to his single auditor below. He had not only resolved to be a minister, he had fixed upon his first text—"Let brotherly love continue."—*Memoirs*, i. 9.

And even before this, in listening to some of the narratives of the Bible, his ear had felt the charm that dwells in the cadence of choice and tender words. He was but three years old, when one evening, after dark, he was found alone in the nursery, pacing to and fro, excited and absorbed, and repeating to himself the pathetic lament of David—"O my son, Absalom! O Absalom, my son, my son!" That nursery was a sad scene to the dreamy child, owing to the cruelty and deceitfulness of his nurse, which made him seek refuge in school at an unusually early age. But he seems to have taken little by the change, falling under the sway of a real Creakle, and one whose small ability as a teacher was lessened by blindness. This sightless tyrant was wont to creep stealthily along behind a row of his little victims, listening for any peccadillo, and visiting it instantly with the overlifted rod. Under his severe rule, Chalmers is recollected by his few surviving playmates, as one of the idlest, strongest, merriest, and most generous-hearted boys in Anster school. An old dame still tells how he once sought her ingle for shelter, when a whole storm of muscle-shells was flying to and fro from angry little hands, and exclaimed, "I'm no for powder and ball." From this school, before he was twelve years of age, he passed with an elder brother to the neighboring university of St. Andrews; and there for some time continued in the same habits, volatile and indolent, fonder of golf and foot-ball than of the class-room, showing no precocity or superiority. It was in his third session, 1792-4, that his intellect first awoke into activity, stimulated by the science of which Wordsworth, in some respects a kindred spirit, has said:—

Mighty is the charm  
Of these abstractions, to a mind beset  
With images, and haunted by itself;  
And specially delightful unto me  
Was that clear synthesis, built up aloft  
So gracefully. *Prelude*, b. vi.

\* *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers*, D. D., LL. D. By his son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL. D. 4 vols. Edinburgh. 1852.

But the severity of mathematical reasoning is not unapt to mislead the young mind into a demand for equal demonstration in matters where certainty of the same kind is unattainable, and Chalmers, it would appear, did not escape the seduction. The study of Godwin's *Political Justice* tended further to estrange his views from those held by his father, and in the next few years he passed through those tremulous opinions which, at one time or other, beset most ardent and inquiring spirits, and to which the great French Revolution then gave unusual excitement. But while thus verging towards some form of scepticism, he was ever possessed with a fervent natural piety; and if in the Divinity class-room he doubted the professor's sincerity, and suffered his mind to work out a mathematical problem instead of attending to the duty of the hour, out of it he plunged deep into the great treatise of Jonathan Edwards, and, as he himself, looking back after twenty-four years, tells us,

Spent nearly a twelvemonth in a sort of mental elysium; where the one idea which ministered to his soul all its rapture was the magnificence of the Godhead, and the universal subordination of all things to the one great purpose for which He evolved and was supporting creation.—*Memoirs*, i. 17.

And while these were the lofty visions of his intellect, the fervor of his heart was shown in the public prayers, which, according to the rule for theological students, he offered up in his turn in the College Hall, attracting a great concourse of strangers to a ceremony in general but little heeded. A like warmth was displayed in his speeches at the academic Debating Society, where Lord Campbell was among his chief rivals; and even in his routine exercises, from one of which, forty years afterwards, when seeking to stir up the hearts of the leaders of the great secession, he repeated the very words of a panegyric upon enthusiasm, "and no passage he ever wrote was uttered with more fervid energy or more overwhelming effect."

In his eighth session, when less residence was required from a student, Chalmers sought to relieve his father from the burden of his maintenance by becoming a private tutor, and left home in May, 1798, to enter upon his new duties. The pathos of leave-taking was relieved by a grotesque incident, for the young student, in the flurry of his emotion, mounted his horse the wrong way, and found himself in the saddle with his face to the tail, so that peals of laughter took the place of a sadder farewell. His situation proved irksome, owing to the ill-nature of his pupils, and the mean rudeness of their parents; and, after some manly but ineffectual complaints, he resigned the disagreeable employment, and returned to St. Andrews. There, in July, 1799, he obtained a license as preacher of the gospel, his want of the usual age being overlooked in consideration that, as a friend in the Presbytery expressed it, he was "a lad o' pregnant pairs."

His eldest brother, James, was at this time established in business at Liverpool, and thither Thomas now proceeded on foot, in the hope of making one of five brothers, who reckoned on meeting there after a separation of several years. But William, a midshipman on board an Indian, did not come, and was doomed never to see the rest again. Twelve months afterwards, the Queen, then lying at Rio Janeiro, was crept

round under dead of night by a boat's crew, who thrust lighted matches into every port. The ship burnt till she blew up, burying numbers in the deep, and among them the ill-fated William Chalmers. David, another brother, came to the meeting from hazard nearly as great; being also a sailor, and having been taken with his ship by the French, in the West Indies, where he was thrown into a prison, of which the common horrors were heightened by a slave's head being from time to time flung over the wall, to terrify the captives. It was at the town of Wigan, on his way to this meeting, that Chalmers preached his first sermon. The discourse was repeated at Liverpool, and, according to his brother James' report, was received with much favor, and thought to augur future success.

After this excursion, the young minister made his abode at Edinburgh, residing with Mr. Cowan, a maternal relative, and taking pupils. The sudden death of Dr. Black, by Lavoisier named the Nestor of chemistry, turned his interest to that science, and he followed it with such zeal as soon to become qualified to guide others in the pursuit. At the same time he attended the lectures of Dugald Stewart and of Dr. Robison; and while he used to describe the first as "made up of detached hints and incomplete outlines, avoiding every topic that involved any difficult discussion," to the very end of his life he expressed his deep obligations to the eminent Professor of Natural Philosophy. From Dr. Robison he acquired that thorough knowledge of the Baconian philosophy which prepared him for the analogous reasoning of Butler, and so supplied the arms by which he finally overcame the doubts that had haunted his early years.

The year 1801 saw Chalmers engaged in his first regular ministry, as assistant to Mr. Elliot, at Cavers, in Teviotdale. Twelve months later he secured from the professors at St. Andrew's the presentation to the living of Kilmany, in Fife, then about to become vacant. But being, as yet, unvisited by that high notion of a minister's duties which he afterwards entertained, he still preferred science to theology. To fill the mathematical chair at a University was the chief desire of his heart. An assistant lectureship in that department was now vacant at St. Andrew's, and this he also obtained. The end of 1802 found him busily engaged in the class-room, and by his enthusiasm making the study of the abstract science scarcely less a play of the fancy than a labor of the intellect. Euclid's elements, for instance, seem far enough removed from the French Revolution; but the lecturer, in glowing language, contrasted the permanence of the one with the self-destroying fickleness of the other, and so warned his hearers against scornfully underrating the labors of their ancestors.—*Memoirs*, i. 60, 61.

This novel enthusiasm seems to have excited some jealousy among the elder professors, met by Chalmers in a temper scarcely becoming to one so young. But it was the fault of an ardent and straightforward mind, keenly alive to whatever it deemed ungenerous or unjust. Better founded, perhaps, than such jealousy was his father's anxiety lest his scientific avocations should militate with the claims of his parish. But to this remonstrance he listened with equal impatience, declaring he—

Liked not those views of religion which suppose

that the business, or even the innocent amusements of the world, have a dangerous tendency to unsettle the mind for serious and elevating exercises.—*Memoirs*, i. 67.

It is needless to say how unpleasant such sentiments must have been to the staunch old-fashioned Puritan; but he lived to rejoice in a time when the spirit of his son became more in concord with his own.

South of the low range of hills that skirts the Fifeshire side of the Firth of Tay, and in a sequestered fertile valley, lies the hamlet of Kilmany, with its rustic population of about one hundred and fifty families. Of this rural parish Chalmers was ordained minister by the Presbytery of Cupar, on the 12th of May, 1803. The summer was spent in making the manse habitable for himself and two of his sisters; in preparations for the pulpit, and in the visitation of the district; through which he went from house to house, always, in his own favorite phrase, "with his affection flying before him," making himself acquainted with every family, and beloved at every fireside. In the autumn the young minister returned to the now troubled halls of his university. Dismissed from his lectureship at the close of the previous session on the ground of incompetency, he went back to vindicate his reputation by opening a class of his own in opposition to the established professors. A sharp conflict ensued. Social ostracism and loss of academic privilege waited on the parents and students who were bold enough to countenance the aspiring schismatic. Yet by December he was successfully conducting three mathematical classes, and had opened one for chemistry, while at the same time he was preaching regularly at Kilmany. "Deprive me of employment," at this juncture he writes to his father, "and you condemn me to a life of misery and disgust." What could old routine avail against such zeal as this?

Academic triumph was accompanied by parochial jealousy. Some members of the Cupar Presbytery chose to hold this lecturing to be inconsistent with the ministerial office. We know the tenacity of our northern neighbors in such matters. But Chalmers met the attack with indignation all the greater, because his predecessor had been suffered to do unchecked the very thing which in him was to be condemned, and with a spirit of independence not to be withstood. His accusers were put to confusion. Before long he repeated his chemical lectures to his own parishioners, and astonished the old wives of Kilmany by his experiments with bleaching liquids. "Our minister," said one, "is naething short o' a warlock; he is teaching the folk to clean claes but (without) soap." "Ay, woman," quoth another gossip, "I wish he wad teach me to make parritch but meal."—*Memoirs*, i. 94.

In the beginning of 1805 arose the famous controversy respecting Professor Leslie's appointment to succeed Playfair in the mathematical chair at Edinburgh, and called forth Chalmers' earliest publication. Playfair had stigmatized the clerical profession in Scotland as being incompatible with eminence in science. The pamphlet in which Chalmers repelled this "cruel and illiberal insinuation," was, long afterwards, used against himself with remarkable effect. In his argument he asserted that "a minister, after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, might enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure for the



prosecution of science;" and again, that "there was almost no consumption of intellectual labor in the employment of a minister." Twenty years later, when the lawfulness of Pluralities was hotly debated in the General Assembly, and Chalmers from his then eminence took a leading part among their opponents, this anonymous pamphlet was quoted in his teeth. "Amidst breathless silence he avowed the authorship. 'I confess myself,' he said, 'to have been guilty of a heinous crime, and I now stand a repentant culprit at the bar of this venerable Assembly.'" He explained briefly the provocation of his work. "What," he then exclaimed, "is the object of mathematical science? Magnitude, and the proportions of magnitude. But then, sir, I had forgotten two magnitudes. I thought not of the littleness of time; I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity."—*Memoirs*, iii, 77, 78.

But now Britain was invoked to arms against the great tyrant of the Continent, and no voice was louder than Chalmers' in sounding the war-cry. Nor was he slow to make good his words. When the volunteers were organized, he enrolled himself in the St. Andrew's corps, holding a double commission as chaplain and lieutenant, and so realizing the old Puritan junction of the Bible and the sword. It is difficult to conceive the varied activity of his life at this season, the fruit of an energy which never deserted him. Riding from village to village to lecture, with his chemical apparatus slung over his horse's neck; educating two of his younger brothers; tending the sick-bed of a third, who had laid the seeds of a fatal malady by sleeping on the deck of his ship in the fatigue caused by a hard-fought action with a French privateer; maintaining his classes at St. Andrew's, and preaching assiduously at Kilmarnock; he is presented to us in the pages of his son-in-law in every relation and occupation of life, and in all ardent, single-minded, and devoted.

In 1807, his Diary records the events of his first visit to London. On his way we see him minutely noting the details of our manufactures; registering the flora of the new country he traverses; musing rapturously in the gardens of Blenheim; roaming delighted through the learned streets of Oxford; until at last he reaches the house of his brother James, at Walworth. We then follow him to all the sights of the metropolis; now hearing the delightful music at Rowland Hill's Chapel; now seeing Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in *Coriolanus*; listening to Sheridan at a Westminster election dinner; at Greenwich Fair, contrasting English gayety with Scotch sedateness; exulting in the success of Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler" at the exhibition, and making the painter's acquaintance; obtaining a condescending notice from Queen Charlotte in the lobby at St. James'; and, not of least consequence to himself, predicting the success of gas-lighting. Again, on his way homewards, we find him telling how "Cambridge smells of learning all over, and he breathes a fragrance most congenial to him; the very women have an air of academic mildness and simplicity;" then ascending the tower of York Minster, and acquiring a taste which never quitted him; and finally making a round of visits on Tweedside; prolonging to days calls that were meant to be only for hours, dancing merry reels, forcing his friend Mr. Shaw out of bed to be his substitute at Kilmarnock, writing a poetical farewell to Teviotdale, preaching a brilliant sermon at Robertson, and closing an account

of his varied progress with the hearty exclamation—"This famous exploit will immortalize us, sir." But the reader must turn to Dr. Hanna's pages before he can fully appreciate the large and genial open-heartedness that breathes in every line of this charming diary.—*Memoirs*, i, 103-120.

We need not pause on Chalmers' next publication, in 1808—a treatise on the *National Resources*—in which he first displayed that liking for Political Economy which afterwards became one of his distinguishing traits. Its production was saddened by domestic grief. His brother George, already referred to, had died of consumption; the same ruthless malady now carried off his sister Barbara. The winter that followed was of extreme severity. The 8th of February, 1809, was set apart as a National Fast for the battle of Corunna and the death of Sir John Moore. Five miles on that day Chalmers walked, through cold and snow, to Kilmarnock, and preached to the villagers, convened in the damp dining-room of the old manse, as eloquent a discourse as any that was heard in the land. Strong influences were now working in his mind. The successive deaths of his brother and sister had brought him for the first time face to face with the destroyer, and were quickly followed by that of a maternal uncle, to whom the family was deeply attached. Mr. Ballardie died suddenly and unexpectedly. At the same time two more of Chalmers' sisters showed symptoms of decline, and he himself fell into an illness which confined him to his room for four months.

A panic seized the family, as if, one after another, they were doomed to fall. Partaking fully of that feeling, Mr. Chalmers believed that he was about to die. For days and weeks he gazed upon the death thus brought so near, with eye intent and solemnized.—*Memoirs*, i, 152.

From this period the biographer dates the beginning of that great change in his subject's heart and mind, which in the language of religious experience is termed *conversion*. But interesting to many persons as would be this part of his history, its devotional character renders it scarcely fitted for detail in our heterogeneous pages. Subsequently, we find Chalmers noting in a commonplace book the following quotation from Cecil, the biographer of Cowper's friend, John Newton:—

No man will preach the Gospel so fully as the Scriptures preach it, unless he will submit to talk like an Antinomian in the estimation of a great body of Christians; nor will any man preach it so practically as the Scriptures, unless he will submit to be called by as large a body an Arminian.—*Memoirs*, i, 322, n.

The latter imputation was that to which Chalmers had hitherto been most liable; in his subsequent career he became more open to the former. His Diary, lately filled with the gayety of his London tour, is now devoted to his struggles into a higher atmosphere of piety. It records, with outbursts of deep remorse, every infirmity of temper, every yearning of vanity, every short-coming of practice. But there is no affectation, nothing morbid, in these confessions. The writer aims constantly at a cheerful heart. "Let my motto," he says, "be faint but pursuing." And afterwards, looking back upon this time, he tells us that he never knew the state of mind allegorized in the *Pilgrim's Progress* by the Slough of Despond.

Meanwhile, one means of sustaining this cheer-

fulness was constant occupation. Chalmers had already undertaken some of the scientific articles in Brewster's *Edinburgh Cyclopædia*; after his sister's death he solicited the one on Christianity. The Evidences had long been a favorite theme with him. But his manner of treating the subject, in the article now in question, exposed him to considerable animadversion, as relying too exclusively upon the external and historical proofs of our faith, and neglecting the internal testimony. Chalmers declined all controversy upon the point; but in process of time his views became considerably mollified; and, in 1830, among a private circle of friends, he thus declared the change:—

The historical evidences of Christianity are abundantly sufficient to satisfy the scrutinizing researches of the learned, and are within the reach of all well-educated persons. But the internal evidence of the truth lies within the grasp of every sincere inquirer. Every man who reads his Bible, and compares what it says of mankind with the records of his own experience; every man who marks the adaptation of its mighty system of doctrine to his own spiritual need as a sinner in the sight of God, is furnished with practical proof of the divine origin of our religion. I love this evidence. It is what I call *portable evidence of Christianity*.—*Memoirs*, iii. 264.

The truth seems to be, that the two kinds of investigation are adapted to two different orders of mind; and that while one inquirer will find most satisfaction in the direct, and, as we may say, *legal* proofs; another will profit more by following the advice given by Lagrange to students perplexed with the metaphysical difficulties of the Differential Calculus—*Allez en avant; la foi vous viendra*.\*

With these labors of the closet Chalmers combined an increasing attention to parochial work. He now thought that this demanded almost his whole time and energy. We find him recording, not always with patience, the details of his intercourse with his flock; his sittings at the bedside of the aged Janet Grieve; the wearisome visits of old John Bonthron, who claimed attention on the score of having seen better days; the more provoking intrusions of Mr. Bataille, a tipping French prisoner of war. We see him busy with the establishment of Sunday schools; with a penny-a-week Bible society; with the Scotch system of pauper relief. We observe the greater care now bestowed upon his sermons, by himself distinguished as short-handers and long-handers—the first being those he prepared within the week for the coming Sabbath; the last, more elaborate and argumentative discourses, which occupied him much longer. Despite the Puritan antipathy to *paper*, he early relinquished the practice of extempore preaching; comparing himself, in this respect, to a bottle containing water and suddenly inverted, which when nearly empty discharges itself fluently—when nearly full, lets out its contents by irregular jets, as if laboring in the effort, and choked by its own fulness. Meanwhile, his manse had been rebuilt, and fitted throughout with pipes ready for the new mode of lighting, which he had observed with such sanguine eyes in London. He was busy laying out the garden, paying therein equal respect to botany and to mathematics, making every bed an exact geometrical figure, and to each circle and ellipse assigning its particular kind of plant. His hospitality was un-

bounded, but liable to derangement in the absence of his presiding sister; as befell upon the occasion when lifting the covers, and displaying two dishes of the same sort, he said, "Gentlemen, you have variety to choose from; this is hard fish from St. Andrew's, and that is hard fish from Dundee." Plain fare for men who came in with eager appetites from witnessing that autumnal hunting-scene, which, fifteen years later, when preaching in Edinburgh to a vast and breathless audience, he thus reproduced:—

There sits a somewhat ancestral dignity and glory on this favorite pastime of joyous old England, when the gallant knighthood, and the hearty yeomen, and the amateurs or virtuosos of the chase, and the full-assembled jockeyship of half a province, muster together in all the pride and pageantry of their great enterprise; and the panorama of some noble landscape, lighted up with autumnal clearness from an unclouded heaven, pours fresh exhilaration into every blithe and choice spirit of the scene, and every adventurous heart is braced and impatient for the hazards of the coming enterprise; and even the high-breathed coursers catch the general sympathy, and seem to fret in all the restiveness of their yet checked and irritated fire, till the echoing horn shall set them at liberty.—*Memoirs*, i. 223.

We are not surprised to learn that Lord Elcho's huntsman, being among the congregation, could hardly restrain a "view-halloa."

In 1812 Chalmers married his favorite sister, Jane, to a gentleman of Somersetshire named Morton, and thus lost the housekeeper who prevented such disasters as that just described. Shortly afterwards, being disappointed in an expected augmentation of his living, he records his satisfaction that this award strengthens his own disinclination to matrimony. Within six months he was himself engaged to Grace, the daughter of Captain Pratt, of the 1st Royal Veteran Battalion, and announced his change of mind to his sister in a letter, sportively comparing his suit for an increase of his stipend to that for the lady's hand, and thus proclaiming his success in the latter process:—

The day on which is decreed the full infettment of Mr. Chalmers, in the property pleaded for and won, is Tuesday, the 4th of August. I ken, Jane, you always thought me an ill-pratted (tricksome) chiel; but, I can assure you, of all the *pratts* I ever played, none was ever carried on or ended more gracefully.—*Memoirs*, i. 292, 293.

The wedding accordingly took place on the day here mentioned.

Dr. Greenlaw was the clergyman, in his 90th year. He made a most laughable mistake, which converted a business that is often accompanied with tears, into a perfect frolic. He made me burst out, and set all the ladies tittering. In laying the vows on Grace, what he required of her was, that she should be a loving and affectionate husband, to which she curtsied.—*Memoirs*, i. 296.

Chalmers' ministry at Kilmany lasted for twelve years. Before the close of that period the fame of his pulpit eloquence had spread over the land, and strangers flocked to his preaching from far and wide. One of his latest efforts was a funeral sermon for an old and cherished college friend, whose life was supposed to be shortened by his gallantry in saving no less than seven lives, one after another, from a shipwreck at St. Andrews. The sermon in

\* Go ahead; faith will come to you.

question was preached on the 30th of October, 1814. It was a brilliant autumn day. The numbers present being too great to be accommodated in the church, a window was taken out and a platform raised upon the sill, so that the discourse might be heard both by those within the building and by those who were seated on the tombstones of the churchyard.

Among the preacher's congregation that day were deputies from Glasgow, who came to satisfy themselves of his fitness to fill the pulpit of the Tron Church in their city. He was elected on the 25th of November. But it was not without much reluctance that he accepted the promotion. He entertained great dread of the secular duties imposed upon the clergy in large towns. "The minister," said he, "comes among his people as a clergyman, and they make a mere churchwarden of him." But these scruples vanished in the prospect of increased usefulness, and, on the 9th of July, 1815, Chalmers preached his farewell sermon to the parishioners of Kilmarnock.

A very short residence at Glasgow was sufficient to show him that he had not over-rated the demands that would be made upon his time. Spirit licenses, pedlers' certificates, the town sewers, the hospital diet, a host of such unclerical troubles rose around him, and harassed his life. Of the clergy, he complained, there must be

One or more to all the committees of all the societies. They must fall in at every procession; they must attend examinations innumerable, and eat of the dinners consequent upon these examinations. They have a niche assigned them in almost every public doing, and that niche must be filled, or the doing loses all its solemnity in the eyes of the public.—*Memoirs*, ii. 21.

But Chalmers struggled hard against this continual tyranny, and at last confined it within more reasonable limits. Well, indeed, might a protest against such interference come from him, who spent his time in the most minute personal attention to the individual wants of 10,000 parishioners; who established and sustained a complete system of local schools, under a band of zealous and efficient agents; and who totally reformed the pauperism of the district, reducing its expense from £1400 to £285 per annum.

A strong feeling of attachment to the old parochial economy of Scotland was a hereditary sentiment with Dr. Chalmers. His father had carried it so far, that, although the churches of East and West Anstruther stood but a few hundred yards apart, he did not go to hear his own son preach, when his doing so would have carried him across the separating burn, and away from his own parish church. . . . On his settlement in Glasgow, Dr. Chalmers publicly announced, that he considered himself to be set apart as the minister, not of those who might choose to come to hear him in his church, but of those who resided within his parish.—*Memoirs*, ii. 229.

No public fame diverted Chalmers from his less splendid duties. He desired for himself, and urged upon his adherents, another kind of popularity, "one if not as proud at least more peaceful, the popularity that is found in the bosom of families and at the side of death-beds;" and he indignantly denounced

The high and far-sounding popularity, felt, by all who have it, to be more oppressive than gratifying, . . . which, with its head among thorns, and its feet on the treacherous quicksands, has nothing to lull the

agonies of its tottering existence but the hosannas of a drivelling generation.—*Memoirs*, ii. 164.

Our space confines us to a slight and general view of Chalmers' ministerial life during the eight years in which he filled, first the Tron Church, and afterwards St. John's. We need not now pause on those well-known and magnificent "Astronomical Discourses," which at the busiest hour of the day drew round his pulpit all the commercial industry of Glasgow; which, published simultaneously with the *Tales of my Landlord*, ran an almost equal race with those wondrous stories, and might show how far Puritanism had departed from the unfair portraiture of "Old Mortality;" which disarmed the fastidiousness of Hazlitt and fascinated the enthusiasm of Canning; and which everywhere broke the lines that had long separated the literary from the religious public. Such triumphs seem, in retrospect, to have afforded the preacher a less sensible pleasure than the thought of the poor Camlachie weaver, raised by his efforts to the hope of eternal life. "Doctor," said the expiring convert, lifting his Bible from the bed, "will you take this book from me as a token of my inexpressible gratitude?" "No, sir," Chalmers answered, after a moment's hesitation. "No, sir," that is far too precious a legacy to be put past your own son—give it to your boy."—*Memoirs*, ii. 482.

But through all this labor of the minister, and amidst all this fame of the preacher, the fresh and genial spirit of the man carries us delightfully along. In the journal-letters addressed first to his wife, and in the course of a few years to his daughters, his whole nature is laid bare. We see him revisiting the scenes of Fifeshire; guiding the tottering steps of his aged father; tracing for Mrs. Chalmers' pleasure all the details of her old home at Kilmarnock; calling from house to house upon his former parishioners; preaching again from the church window, and having a part of his notes carried away by the breeze. We follow him to London, and find him creating a perfect fury of excitement; the chapel where he is to preach filled for hours before the time of service; the audience comprising the whole eminence of metropolitan society. "All the world," writes Wilberforce, "is wild about Dr. Chalmers." "The tartan," says Canning, "beats us all." At home at Glasgow we perceive him "expatiating" among the sick and dying; "quarterdecking along the south front of Mr. Harley's grounds;" feasting on strawberries and cream at Mr. Falconer's; "taking his rounds among his dear websters, and winders, and cart-drivers and brushmakers;" showing the lions of the city to Lord and Lady Elgin; troubled by ladies with "plum-jelly operations;" plagued with social jealousy for not visiting; imposed on by mendicants on pretence of religious difficulties. And then, beneath his own roof, we see him surrounded by his children, "feeling the cat and kitten principle most powerfully;" "greatly fished with the restlessness of the bairns upon the sofa;" "put into a perfect fry with their most incessant and ungovernable locomotion;" or found by an elder and deacon of his church busy on the floor at play with the same loved little ones.

"Come away, Mr. Heggie," he exclaimed, when they entered, without, however, changing his position; "you can tell me how this game ought to be played." Elder and deacon, minister and children, were soon all busy at the game together. "This is not

the way," said Mr. Thomson, "we used to play bowls in Galloway." "Come along, then," said Dr. Chalmers; "let us see what the Galloway plan is." And to it they set again with a keener relish than ever.—*Memoirs*, ii. 232.

In 1820, the celebrated Edward Irving became assistant to Chalmers at St. John's. Unpopular at home from his peculiarities, but "full of the chivalrous romance of Christianity," Irving had resolved to go as a missionary to Persia, when his purpose was changed by the doctor's invitation, and he became a zealous helpmate to his employer, particularly in those week-day undress congregations which

Assembled in a cotton mill, or the workshop of a mechanic, or the kitchen of some kindly accommodating neighbor, with their picturesque exhibition of greasy jackets and unwashed countenances, and hands all soiled and fresh from labor, turning up the pages of unused Bibles.—*Memoirs*, ii. 214.

Eight years afterwards, when Irving was drawing tremendous crowds to his sermons on prophecy in Edinburgh, his old employer hears him preach, and has no hesitation in pronouncing it "quite woful."—*Memoirs*, iii. 220.

But we have been passing over a troubled time. The political disaffection of 1819-20, attributed by Chalmers to the distress caused by the new corn-laws, was nowhere more active than at Glasgow. A rising was fixed to take place upon Monday, the 2d of April, in the last-named year: but the "firm spirit of the inhabitants, the resolute attitude of the authorities, and the strong military force, struck terror into the half-armed and ill-guided multitude, and without bloodshed the outbreak was suppressed." Of the sermons which Chalmers preached on this occasion 9000 copies were issued within a month. And, besides this civil discord, ecclesiastical controversies distracted the minister's attention during these busy years. The *plurality* question, raised by the appointment to a church living of a professor in one of the universities, was again and again discussed in the General Assembly, and continued to be a subject of agitation until 1831, when the Royal Commission on the Scotch Universities reported against such a junction of offices, and so set the matter at rest. Chalmers was an unflinching enemy to these pluralities. At this time, also, he was eagerly urging the necessity of raising the literary qualifications required of a candidate for the ministry, another source of long sustained debate. And, in 1823, the last year of his ministry at St. John's, he was entangled in a more personal contention respecting his mode of administering the sacrament, and in the Glasgow Synod he gave vent to his indignation at

The exhibition of so many grave and grown-up ecclesiastics, letting themselves down to the arena of a discussion in every way so paltry and so puerile. That was not a matter for which the peace and unanimity of their church ought to have been hazarded, and could scarcely be obtruded upon the public notice without reminding observers of the fierce and frequent agitations of a former age, when tippets, and surplices, and priestly garments, and sacramental postures, formed the materials of many a sour and disquieting argument.—*Memoirs*, ii. 392.

Amidst such multifarious labors it was no wonder that Chalmers at length found himself taxed beyond his strength, and obliged to choose between his self-imposed obligations. Towards the close of

1821 he summoned a meeting of his parochial agents, and announced his intention to resign into their hands a portion of his missionary labors. But an entirely new sphere of usefulness was soon to open before him, of a kind which he valued above any other. "A professorship," he frequently said, "is a higher condition of usefulness than an ordinary parish." In January, 1823, a unanimous vote of the professors at St. Andrew's invited him to occupy the chair of moral philosophy beneath his old Alma Mater. He had previously refused church promotion, both at Stirling and at Edinburgh, but the present offer was irresistible. Yet the parting was painful on both sides. Remonstrance, and even reproof, were not wanting to change the preacher's mind, but were used in vain. His farewell sermons were delivered on the 9th of November, and so great was the rush, that soldiers were required to prevent the crowd from injuring themselves in their eagerness. On the Tuesday following 340 of the principal citizens entertained their late minister at a parting dinner. "So gracefully," observes the biographer, "did Glasgow surrender to St. Andrew's what St. Andrew's had originally bestowed."—*Memoirs*, ii. 488.

Five years of activity, indefatigable as ever, ensued—of activity cheered and sustained by the scenes among which it was exercised. Dr. Chalmers delighted in the memorials of the past with which the neighborhood abounded.

St. Andrew's was the first place in Scotland which the light of the Gospel visited, and the towers of St. Regulus still survived as an impressive relic of primitive Christianity—a tall, square, solid column, upon which the storms of centuries have spent themselves in vain. In Roman Catholic times, St. Andrew's had been the seat of the primacy; its castle tenanted by the heads of a lordly hierarchy; its cathedral—the work of one hundred and sixty years—the largest and stateliest in the kingdom. Its university, the most ancient in Scotland, was the cradle of the Reformation. In front of St. Salvador's College was the hallowed spot where Hamilton expired among the flames; and close by the castle was the scene of Wishart's martyrdom. From the deck of a French galley, while his feet lay in irons, the spires of St. Andrew's were pointed out to John Knox. "Yes," said he, "I know it well, for I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to his glory; and I am fully persuaded, how weak soever I now appear, that I shall not depart this life till that my tongue shall glorify his godly name in the same place."—*Memoirs*, iii. 210.

The pulpit from which this prophecy was fulfilled, is still shown at St. Andrew's. It was then among these scenes that Chalmers entered upon his professorial duties. He immediately displayed his usual independence by departing from the prevailing mode of making metaphysics the first object of attention. His lectures were confined to a strictly ethical course, in the first part of which he treated of "the moralities which reciprocate between man and man on earth; in the second, of those which connect earth with heaven." His eloquence soon attracted numerous attendants beside the regular students, but he always protested that it was no part of his business to "serenade the connoisseurs," and maintained the discipline of the class-room with a high hand against any occasional impertinence of a *petit maitre* of quality.

But at St. Andrew's he was forced into collision



with "those shuffling artifices of college politics," which long before he had denounced, and his Diary records how sorely his temper was tried in the conflict. Doubting the legality of appropriating the college funds to the professorial stipends, he refused to accept his own share, until the payment was sanctioned by the royal commissioners. The misery of such a dispute to a straightforward, high-minded man is evident at a glance. Less painful, but not less warm, was the debate occasioned by his opposition to the compulsory attendance of the students at the college church. Upon both these points Chalmers stood alone among the professors. And, further, to use his own words, he was "colder to St. Andrew's by the high-church spirit which prevailed there." The passing gusts of anger raised by these various annoyances are noted in his journal with an almost excessive susceptibility of remorse.—*Memoirs*, iii. 79-115.

In the mean time, death and marriage had gradually reduced the family circle at Anstruther. The father had died in 1818. In 1824, Chalmers' sister Isabel, who had been long delicate, sank tranquilly into the grave; two years later, his sister Helen, the last of fourteen children still remaining beneath the parental roof, quitted it for a husband's; and a few months afterwards, his venerable mother, having thus lived to see all her offspring removed from her presence, was herself summoned to her rest. Her then famous son was by her side when she died, and has recorded some touching memorials of her latest moments.—*Memoirs*, iii. 153.

We said that Chalmers' untiring energy never rested at St. Andrew's. Not content with the ordinary duties of his post, in 1826 he opened a class for political economy, and speedily enrolled a numerous body of hearers. Among them was that raw-boned student from the Ross-shire wilds, who, when asked by the Malthusian professor, "Who was the father of the correct theory of population?" answered at once, in the strongest northern accent, "Julius Cæsar." The lecturer's own familiar illustrations were also a frequent source of merriment; and nowhere was he more often interrupted by that "pedestrian approbation," in Scotland called *ruffing*, which he himself once deprecated with the remark, that he would rather gain applause from heads than heels.

Nor was this all the extra work undertaken by the earnest professor. He marked out for himself a district of the town adjacent to his own dwelling; visited its families; and invited the children to a Sunday evening class at his house; preparing for that little group, composed of the poorest he could gather round him, as carefully as for his class in the University. Moreover, he exerted himself to excite a like missionary spirit among the students, and succeeded in inspiring them with a portion of his own zeal.

His pen, too, was active during these five years. Besides completing his work on the *Civic Economy of Large Towns*, he published, in 1827, his treatise on *Church and College Establishments*, described by the *Quarterly Review* as "one of the most vigorous and eloquent defences of such endowments that ever issued from the press." Yet in this defence there are remarks upon the abuse of patronage which foreshadow the leader of the great secession.

Endowments cease to be respectable when, in the hands of a calculating statesman, they degenerate into

the instruments by which he plays his game of ambition; or when, employed as the bribes of political subservency, they expose either our church or our universities to be trodden under foot by the inroads of mere office-mongers. . . . It is not to be wondered at, if the poverty neither of lazy priests, nor of lazy and luxurious professors, should meet with sympathy from the public.—*Memoirs*, iii. 185.

It is surely no unfair illustration of these remarks, that in 1827 the Marquis of Lansdowne spontaneously offered Chalmers the crown living of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, one of the most desirable in Scotland. He had scarcely declined it, when Dr. Ritchie, Professor of Divinity in the University of the same city, resigned his office; and the Town Council and magistrates, again lay patrons, unanimously elected Dr. Chalmers to succeed him. With a deep sense of responsibility he accepted the post; received many a flattering testimonial from his pupils and friends at St. Andrew's; and, on the 3d of November, 1828, took his last leave of his much-loved Alma Mater—of the Links where he had been wont to relax his professorial dignity in a hearty game of golf, and of the house which, as he was fond of telling, had once been the abode of the celebrated Buchanan, and was also the scene of that dinner at which Dr. Johnson said—"Sir, I came to Scotland, not to eat good dinners, but to see savage men and savage manners, and I have not been disappointed."

His career in his new chair was but a repetition of previous triumphs; while out of it his course was marked by the like active participation in every movement of the day. Having already in the General Assembly of 1828 proposed a vote of thanks to government for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, he now appeared as the staunch supporter of Catholic emancipation. With what a falling of heart every friend of religious liberty must look back on the predictions of that time! With what mournful pity must he now see some Roman Catholics demanding, not so much civil freedom as the power to persecute, not equality, but dominion! Chalmers himself, while he never doubted the policy of the Emancipation Act, yet lived to confess that "it was a historical blunder to expect that gentle treatment could either strip popery of its natural intolerance, or deaden its desire to rule." Three years afterwards, in 1832, we find him engaged in active correspondence with government concerning Lord Stanley's bill for establishing the Irish National Schools. The government, anxious to conciliate the Catholics, desired that the Bible should not be used as a class-book in the regular school hours; Chalmers, wishing not to repel the Catholics, yet urged that attendance upon a Bible class within those hours should be compulsory upon Protestants. In his own words, he desired that "the Catholics should be made to skulk from the Bible, and not the Bible from the Catholics." The compromise which resulted appears to have induced his neutrality rather than secured his friendship.

In the eventful year 1830, Chalmers made two visits to London; the first to give evidence before the House of Commons' Committee upon the Irish Poor Law; the second, as one of the Edinburgh deputation, to congratulate King William IV. upon his accession. An agreeable diary, kept in somewhat Boswellian style by Mr. J. J. Gurney, presents us with lively notices of the great preacher's intercourse with society at this time, and re-

cords his opinions of the stirring events of the day. We find him surveying the new French Revolution with an almost prophetic eye, and declaring that upon such efforts to regenerate mankind, "God will set the stamp of a solemn and expressive mockery." And, following the train of thought here indicated, we are not surprised to see Chalmers subsequently ranking himself among the opponents of the Reform Bill, and watching with more than common dismay the fierce turbulence displayed in its support, the rick-burning in the Eastern Counties, the machine-breaking of the Midland, the riots of Derby, Nottingham, and Bristol. The old Cambridge student of that day will remember the alarms that hung over the town; the enrolling and arming of the gowansmen; the cavalry patrols on all the roads; the nightly watch for fires from St. Mary's Tower—a watch, but seldom set for nought; the terrible conflagrations of Coton and Fen Stanton, and behind and over all, the stealthy approach of the cholera pestilence.

Amidst all this tumult, Chalmers was himself studying the condition of the people; and, in his treatise on *Political Economy*, published in 1832, was urging the supreme potency, we might say the sole efficacy, of education in the work of social improvement, sternly denouncing all hopes founded upon a new division of property, and maintaining that "character is the parent of comfort, the best creator, preserver, and distributor of wealth." Close upon this publication followed the composition of the well-known *Bridgewater Treatise*, confided to Dr. Chalmers by the present Bishop of London, and afterwards incorporated in his larger work on *Natural Theology*. And at this season, he declined the most lucrative preferment in Scotland, the West Church, in Greenock, offered to him, unsolicited, by Sir M. S. Stewart, the patron, and repeated his "firm conviction of the superior importance of a theological chair to any church whatever."

Meanwhile death had again entered his family circle; and, for the fifth time within a few years, Chalmers was "chief mourner, and carried the head of a relative to the grave." His youngest and favorite brother, Alexander, died at Kirkcaldy, in the spring of 1829. About two years afterwards, he had his full share of a more public calamity. On the 9th of February, 1831, Dr. Andrew Thompson, the leading minister of Edinburgh, the great champion of the Evangelical party, who had often stood shoulder to shoulder with Chalmers in the General Assembly, was struck by the hand of death at the door of his own house. Rarely has such an enthusiasm of sorrow been witnessed as was called forth by this catastrophe; and the funeral discourse, in which Chalmers portrayed the character, and enshrined the virtues of his lamented friend, remains a monument at once of affection and genius.—*Memoirs*, iii. 291-297.

But while these inroads were being made among his kindred and friends, new ties were springing up around his domestic hearth. Daughters, he tells us himself, he always preferred to sons, and his quiver was fast becoming full of them. The journal letters, in which he narrates his adventures when absent from home, he addressed in regular rotation to Anne and to Eliza, to Margaret, Helen, and Fanny; and lucky, he says in one such series, will she be whose turn brings her the account of that presentation at court to which we have already alluded. Miss Margaret proved to be the

fortunate young lady. Not a few of these letters were written in Roman characters, for the benefit of a little one who could not yet read running hand, but who would enjoy spelling out for herself the news of papa; and in all of them we feel that open cordiality of temperament which must have made the friendship of Dr. Chalmers a rare treasure. In a subsequent series, written in 1833, he recounts his travels to view the English cathedrals, and make the ascent of their towers, an ambition he had conceived years before at his first visit to York Minster. Grave and gay prevail by turns in this delightful correspondence; and we might fill pages with captivating extracts—showing how to Anne, her father, in a passage reminding us of a famous chapter in the well-known *Bubbles*, describes the politics of the pig-market at Bradford Fair; how, for Eliza, who was addicted to punning, he strings together the most execrable witticisms in that sort which it was ever our lot to encounter; how he honors little Miss Fanny by writing to her from the place where Newton "unravels the intricacies of the material heavens," and, again in lines printed for her own perusal, tells the same young lady of the minister at Beverly—

The biggest man I ever saw. He is so heavy that he cannot walk. . . . When he goes to church to preach, he gets upon a wooden horse, called a "Velocipede," which runs upon wheels, and with this he moves through the streets, and through the church till he gets to the foot of the pulpit; and then two great strong men servants push him up the stair, and through the door of the pulpit with their backs and shoulders, and he sits squish down upon an immense cushion, and preaches to the people, for to do it standing would be impossible.—*Memoirs*, iii. 418

Helen receives the narrative of his ascent of the lofty church-towers in the fen-country, irreverently known as "Boston Stump," and also, in print, an account of the renowned "Great Tom" of Lincoln. Margaret has the description of Chatsworth, and, among the waterworks there, of that "squirting tree" which the young Princess Victoria liked best of all the marvels of the scene. Turning from these levities, we might exhibit Dr. Chalmers in friendly intercourse with our prelates, graciously received by Archbishop Howley at Lambeth; dining at Fulham with Bishop Blomfield, the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Bishops of Gloucester and Lincoln; and again conversing familiarly at Norwich with the venerable Bishop Bathurst. We might show him among the learning and science assembled at Cambridge for the meeting of the British Association, lodged next to the Queen's Gateway in Trinity, "lulled to sleep by the vesper bells which charmed the ears of Bacon, Milton, and Newton." We might quote his vivid descriptions of the wonders of the Peak, or of Haddon Hall, or of Dover Castle. But we are recalled to graver matters, and can only refer our readers to Dr. Hanna's fascinating pages, *Memoirs*, iii. 363-423.

The controversies which racked the Church of Scotland were now gradually assuming a more threatening aspect. We do not pause on certain questions of heresy, such as the delusion of the Unknown Tongues, which in these years came under the censure of the General Assembly, except to remark that we have no sympathy with Dr. Hanna's exultation in the alleged power of that court. We do not wish for an ecclesiastical despotism, which could only act by the elimination of successive minorities, and might almost result

in reducing the universal church to the limits mentioned in Dr. Chalmers' own anecdote of the elderly gentleman "who was fully persuaded that true Christianity was exclusively to be found in himself and his old wife. When the old lady died, the universal church was restricted to his single person."—*Memoirs*, iii. 274.

A question was rising far more momentous than these. We have already seen how staunchly Chalmers supported national endowments for religious purposes. To use his own words, he liked "to see the earth helping the woman." So strong, indeed, was his feeling on this head, that in England he declares he would rather, if the law permitted, preach in the Established Church than elsewhere; and when officiating at the opening of an Independent chapel at Bristol, he thought it necessary to guard himself from misconception by a formal repudiation of the voluntary principle. The same views prompted his vigorous defence of the impost known as the Annuity Tax, levied upon the citizens of Edinburgh for the maintenance of their clergy; and also inspired his efforts in the cause of Church extension; in both of which matters he encountered the determined hostility of the Scotch Dissenters.

But while he thus desired that the State should sustain the Church, Chalmers demanded further, that the Church should be independent of the State. We have no hesitation in declaring that these two objects are absolutely incompatible. Endowment requires legislation, and, in the nature of things, the legislator must be the final interpreter of his laws. The authority which prescribes the qualifications of the *beneficiaires*, must in the last resort decide all controversies respecting their fulfilment. The State cannot, even if it would, divest itself of its inherent supremacy, nor can the establishment endowed be judge in its own cause. And these general propositions acquire greater strength when, as in the Church of Scotland, the endowment is distributed into numberless advowsons, and patronage is private property. But for positive statutes, it would be extremely difficult, not to say impossible, to resist the intrusion of any presentee, however unworthy in creed or in character. Every such statute, therefore, narrows the patron's estate; and the power which imposes the restriction is bound to prevent its being tightened beyond the letter of the law. Hence the so-called Erastianism of the Scottish Establishment. The Church is bound to the State by a golden chain. It is the weight of these splendid fetters, far more than any dogmatic differences, which has originated and multiplied dissent.

In Scotland, where the dislike of Erastianism has always been intense, and where also ecclesiastical honors have been little tempting, the Church has maintained a superior degree of independence. From Dr. Hanna's pages (iii. 342, 343) we abridge the account of the induction of a clergyman. By a deed of presentation laid before the Presbytery, the patron nominates to the vacant living. The Presbytery require the presentee to preach on a stated day before the congregation. Thereafter the parishioners, if satisfied, address a written *call* to the presentee, and request the concurrence of the Presbytery. The latter then examine the literary and theological qualifications of the minister elect, and if these are sufficient, and no public objection is made, proceed to the formal induction. Now it will be observed, that there are here two checks on the patron's nomina-

tion, wholly distinct in kind—the first in the pleasure of the people, the second in the judgment of the Presbytery. It is further plain that the former of these restrains, not only the patron, but also to some extent the clergy. Presbyteries seem to have fancied they could nullify this popular control, without at the same time impairing their own power. With this view they assumed the right to determine what number of affirmative signatures should suffice to give a call. The concurrence of the people was more and more disregarded, until at length the General Assembly held that effect should be given to the patron's nomination, despite any amount of opposition from the flock. The form of the call was preserved, but the attachment of a single signature was deemed sufficient. But this usurpation was not accomplished without a violent resistance. Presbyteries went to the ordination service under an escort of dragoons, and ministers were placed in their pulpits at the point of the bayonet. Upwards of two hundred dissenting chapels arose in the course of half a century, and more than a hundred thousand of the population seceded from the Establishment.

But in the beginning of the present century another spirit came. The evangelical party then lifted its head, and made its voice heard in the councils of the Church. Favored by popular goodwill, and fostered by such men as Chalmers and Thomson, it grew in strength from year to year, until, in the Assembly of 1834, Lord Moncrieff succeeded in carrying a motion, proposed unsuccessfully the year before by Chalmers himself, "That if at the moderating in a call to a vacant pastoral charge the major part of the male heads of families, members of the vacant congregation, and in full communion with the Church, shall disapprove of the person in whose favor the call is proposed, such disapproval shall be sufficient ground for the Presbytery rejecting such person, and he shall be rejected accordingly."—*Memoirs*, iii. 361.

This was the famous Veto Act, then too fondly deemed a final vindication of the Church's liberties. Several years followed of vigorous and triumphant labor in the cause of Church extension. At first there seemed some hope of obtaining government assistance. During Sir R. Peel's short-lived administration in 1835, the premier was entertained at Glasgow, as Lord Rector of the University, by a vast multitude of the citizens, and expressed himself warmly in its favor. The whigs, on returning to office, would only grant their well-known resource, a commission of inquiry. Their measure was objected to as likely to injure the Church. "That, gentlemen," Lord Melbourne answered, with his usual nonchalance, "is your inference; you may not be better, but, hang it, you cannot be worse." Official apathy did but quicken the energy of Chalmers; he travelled round the Highlands, awakening the zeal of the people; he lectured in London to enthusiastic audiences in behalf of national endowments. "What does he teach?" the late Duke of Cambridge asked, after hearing him. He was answered, "Theology." "Monstrous clever man!" exclaimed the duke; "he could teach anything." The result is the best evidence of his success. In the years 1835–40, during which he presided over the Church Extension Committee, upwards of 300,000*l.* was collected, 222 churches were added to the establishment, and its revenues devoted to missions and other external objects were multiplied fourteen-fold. "It was no common calamity," says Dr. Hanna, "which put an

abrupt and fatal close to a career so promising." But that calamity was even now impending.

Meanwhile unusual honors had descended upon the Presbyterian professor. In 1835, the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford resounded with the acclamations of the students, as they hailed him LL. D. In a letter to Lady Stewart, of Allbank, he pleasantly declares his pride in his scarlet gown and black silk cap. The same year he was chosen a corresponding member of the French Institute. He visited Paris in 1838, and acknowledged this honor, inaugurating his reception by a paper on the *True Theory of Pauper Relief*. To 1840, when would close the sixtieth year of his life, he had always looked forward as the period which would fairly entitle him to rest from his long and varied labors. He was fain to regard the seventh decade of man's existence as the sabbath of his days, to be spent in corresponding rest and peace. But no such repose was in store for him.

In 1834, Mr. Young had been presented by Lord Kinnoul to the living of Auchterarder. His call was signed by only two parishioners. Out of 300 heads of families, 287 resisted his induction. In obedience to the Veto Act, the Presbytery rejected him. After some skirmishing in Synod and Assembly, Mr. Young carried his claim before the Court of Session. The Church looked on with wonder and curiosity. The court held itself competent, and in February, 1838, decided by eight voices to five that the rejection of Mr. Young was contrary to statute. The delivery of the judgments occupied seven days. In May, the General Assembly, protesting by 183 to 142 against any interference with the Church's spiritual independence, directed an appeal to the House of Lords. Final judgment was given in the same month of the next year by the late Lord Chancellor Cottenham and Lord Brougham, affirming the decision of the court below, and even attributing to it the power of forcing—intruding—Mr. Young upon the recalcitrant parish. They held that the Presbytery was entitled to examine the qualifications of the presentee only as to his "life, literature, and manners," and that the assent or dissent of his parishioners was wholly beside the question, and completely inoperative. The non-intrusion controversy opened in all its magnitude.—*Memoirs*, iv. 91-98.

Vain, in our limits, would be the attempt to sketch its various turns. We cannot dwell upon the case of Lethendy, where a Presbytery refusing to induct were summoned before the Court of Session, solemnly reprimanded, and threatened with imprisonment. Nor upon that of Marcho, where a Presbytery obeying the Court of Session was formally deposed by the General Assembly. We cannot detail how the law issued its interdicts, and how the Church defied and broke them. We may not pause on deputations to statesmen and debates in Parliament. We gladly spare our readers the personalities of theological wrath. Mr. Young had brought a second action against the Presbytery of Auchterarder for refusing to induct him. The Court of Session held that such an action would lie; their judgment was confirmed in August, 1842, by the House of Peers, Lords Lyndhurst, Cottenham, Brougham, and Campbell, who formed the court, being unanimous.—*Memoirs*, iv. 302, 303.

Practical effect was thus given to the hint previously thrown out in the same house, that by civil process a Presbytery might be compelled to induct a presentee, against the wish of the parish,

their own deliberate will, and the decrees of the General Assembly.

The non-intrusionists met the crisis with dignity and resolution. At the instance of Dr. Chalmers, a convocation of the clergy was summoned to meet at Edinburgh in November. About 450 ministers attended its first assembly at Roxburgh Church. Its sittings lasted for six days, and terminated in a resolution that if redress were refused by the legislature, the non-intrusionists should secede from the Establishment. Three hundred and thirty-three ministers subscribed the declaration. "We are more than Gideon's army," Chalmers exclaimed on learning the number; "a most hopeful omen for us." But the government—Sir R. Peel's second administration—declined to support the remonstrants; by 241 votes to 76, the House of Commons refused any inquiry into their grievances. This final blow was struck on the 7th of March, 1843. Nothing remained but to occupy the next two months in preparations for an event, long dreaded, now inevitable.—*Memoirs*, iv. 307-334.

The General Assembly met on the 18th of May. From four in the morning, St. Andrew's Church, its place of sitting, was thronged by an anxious and excited multitude. At noon, Lord Bute, the Royal Commissioner, held his levee in Holyrood Palace. A portrait of William III., that adorned the throne-room, fell to the ground during the pomp. "There," cried a voice, "there goes the Revolution settlement!" From Holyrood the commissioner proceeded in state to the High Church, where the sermon was preached by Dr. Welsh, the moderator of the Assembly. Nine hours of expectation had strained the feelings of the multitude at St. Andrew's, when they were relieved from suspense. The moderator entered and took the chair. Speedily the Lord High Commissioner was announced, and received by the whole audience standing. Solemn prayer was offered up. Then Dr. Welsh rose. "Fathers and brethren," he began, and so amidst breathless silence read the protest announcing the secession. Having finished, and laid the document upon the table, he turned to withdraw; Dr. Chalmers, who had been standing beside him, apparently lost in abstraction, now roused by his movement, hastily followed. Ministers and elders, man by man, and row by row, succeeded. A cheer broke from the galleries, but was hushed again immediately. In a short time the benches on the left were almost deserted; more than 400 ministers, and a still larger number of elders, had withdrawn. In long procession they wound through the streets to the new hall prepared for them at Canonmills. Lord Jeffrey was reading in his quiet room, when a friend entered with the news. His book was flung aside, and, springing to his feet, "I'm proud of my country!" he exclaimed; "there's not another country upon earth where such a deed could have been done."—*Memoirs*, iv. 335-339.

Such was the origin of the Free Church of Scotland. In the first year of its existence it raised funds exceeding 300,000*l.*, and built nearly 500 churches; in 1847, its success was still undiminished. But this early prosperity cannot obscure the sacrifices of its first founders, most touchingly described by Dr. Hanna; and still less can it suppress the impatient question, whether so much devotion and enthusiasm might not have been retained within the pale of the National Establishment.



The discussion of this question would lead us far beyond our present purpose. The impartiality of indifference easily detects the errors of controversialists. We may think that from the first the non-intrusionists refused to see that the law was *de facto* against them, and prejudiced the legislature by claiming as of right what could only be granted as of favor. We may think that afterwards the popular *veto* and the presbyterian discretion were so confounded in the vague demand for *spiritual independence* as to alienate the good wishes of some politicians and excite the mistrust of others. We may observe that the seceders were too apt to forget the existence of a strong minority in the Church opposed to them. We might point out the evil influence of the anti-patronage movement. And, on the other hand, we might show the correlative jealousy of statesmen and the legislature. But it is our more pleasing task briefly to follow the great leader of the secession in the remainder of his career.

We have already said that he was not permitted to enjoy that sabbath of life to which he had looked with such fond anticipations. Upon him devolved the superintendence of the finances of the Free Church—a task the more onerous inasmuch as his own far-sighted economy was too often overruled by the more sanguine counsels of his colleagues. And here we observe, that the early successes of the cause never convinced Chalmers of the soundness of Voluntaryism, but, on the contrary, were by him regarded with sinister forebodings of the future. The mistrust could not, however, damp his own ardor. The Free Church, excluded from the ancient universities, required a college for herself. In 1846, Chalmers laid the first stone of the new institution, in which he himself filled the chair of Systematic Theology.—*Memoirs*, iv. 416-428.

But these were not all his labors. We long for space to abridge Dr. Hanna's most interesting narrative of the reformation of the West Port in Edinburgh. In 1840, Dr. Alison had published a treatise upon the Scottish Poor-Laws, which, by its effect upon public feeling, brought about, four years afterwards, their assimilation to the English model. To such legislation Chalmers was always opposed. He held that public charity, moving hand in hand with education, should be a pastoral and territorial care; and, in order to show the feasibility of his scheme, he now undertook the reclamation of the West Port; of all Edinburgh the quarter most poverty-stricken and depraved; the scene of the horrible crimes of Burke and Hare. No child of that district ever went to school; not one adult in ten ever entered a place of worship. By the exertions of Chalmers, and after much visiting from house to house had in some measure awakened the benighted population, a school-room was obtained in 1844.

It lay at the end of the very close down which Burke and his associate decoyed their unconscious victims. Fronting the den in which those horrid murders were committed, stood an old deserted tannery, whose upper storeloft, approached from without by a flight of projecting wooden stairs, was selected as affording the best accommodation which the neighborhood could supply. Low-roofed and roughly floored, its raw, unplastered walls pierced at irregular intervals with windows of unsightly form, it had little either of the scholastic or the ecclesiastical in its aspect; but never was the true work of school and church

done better than in that old tannery-loft of the West Port.—*Memoirs*, iv. 401.

Since that time a church, seated for 520, has been erected, commodious school-rooms built and furnished, minister's and teachers' salaries, and all other expenses paid, during seven years and a-half, at a cost of 5,500*l*. Such facts speak for themselves. Well might Chalmers exclaim, while engaged in the work,—

Who cares about the Free Church, compared with the Christian good of the people of Scotland? Who cares about any church, but as an instrument of Christian good? For be assured, that the moral and religious well-being of the population is of infinitely higher importance than the advancement of any sect.—*Memoirs*, iv. 394.

But we are now fast approaching the close of this long and laborious career. In a most delightful chapter Dr. Hanna gives us a view of Chalmers' home life in the evening of his days. We see him making a last visit to his native Anstruther, gathering lilac from his father's garden, and pebbles from the familiar sea-beach. We have a glimpse of the school-boy's "first love." We follow him through the vale of Yarrow, and, as it were, hear his sermon upon the lonely strand, where—

The swan on still St. Mary's Loch  
Floats double, swan and shadow.

We are brought into even more familiar intimacy; are introduced to his quaint *numérica* habits; enjoy his playful intercourse with his daughters; sympathize with his constant feeling of boyhood; and learn a deep lesson from his growing sensation of loneliness, expressed in the frequent sigh:—"I would not live away."—*Memoirs*, iv. 439-466.

In the spring of 1847, Chalmers journeyed to London, to give evidence before the Committee of the Commons respecting Church Sites. His own record of his examination is sufficient, in its self-evident and unaffected candor, to repel those charges of "fencing," and the like, which have too lightly been brought against him. He was never friendly to Voluntaryism; but he never bound himself to Establishments, *quand même*. After a pleasant sojourn in the metropolis, Chalmers visited his sister, Mrs. Morton, at her home near Bristol, rejoicing to stay a few hours at Oxford on his way, and then return to Edinburgh, where he arrived on Friday the 28th of May. On the following Sunday evening, at home amidst his children, it was observed that he was even unusually bland and benignant. Requesting a brother minister then present to conduct family prayer, "I expect," he said, "to give worship myself to-morrow morning." Immediately afterwards he withdrew, waving his hand, and saying, "A general good night." They were his last words. The next morning he was found sitting half-reclined in his bed, his head reclining gently on his pillow, the expression of his countenance that of fixed and majestic repose. It was plain that his death had been wholly without pain or conflict. His spirit had departed in peace.—*Memoirs*, iv. 486-516.

Our readers must have seen that in Dr. Hanna's volumes, Chalmers is portrayed at full length. After the good example of Plutarch, the biographer has thought it quite consistent with his dignity to follow his hero into private, and to exhibit the man as clearly as the minister or the professor. By such details biography is distinguished from

her graver historical sister; and it is no prurient curiosity, but an honorable affection, that prompts our desire to know the daily life of one whose deeds or writings we admire and love. To Dr. Hanna we are indebted for many such personal traits. We see Chalmers wandering abroad at daybreak in quest of a wild flower for a lady's cabinet; springing delighted from his chair, with a characteristic "ha, ha!" falling out of a lively conversation into fits of silent abstraction; flinging his clenched fist from the pulpit in the face of those who "flounced in the robes of magistracy;" vociferous in his loyalty at George IV.'s visit to Edinburgh. We are not surprised to find a brother minister declaring, that "much learning has made Chalmers mad." We can well understand how a friend felt his conversation to be "a tonic for the faint, and a crutch for the lame." We comprehend how he himself at one time thought military engineering his natural vocation; at another, deemed "the prosperous management of human nature the noblest exercise of human power." If we examine his style, we may trace the impetuous fervor of his spirit in the not unfrequent turgidity of his periods. But we must conclude. In his eulogy upon Dr. Andrew Thompson, Chalmers unconsciously pronounced his own. By temperament open, genial, and enthusiastic, he flung love around him wherever he went, beside his own hearth and in the general world, in the scholastic class-room and in the pauper's cottage. Logical and precise in intellect, always haunted by his early fondness for mathematics, he preferred the facts of science to the theories of philosophy—the truths of morality to the subtleties of metaphysics—the idea of Christianity to the dogmas of theology. Severely conscientious, strong of will, and dauntless in resolution, he never recoiled from any labor, never swerved from any course which his mind determined and his soul adopted, never thought of the end where the first step was clear. Indignation at wrong might sometimes fan his warmth into passion; his precision might now and then degenerate into pedantry; his faith in induction might make him rely too much upon system; his firmness might occasionally be deemed obstinate or overbearing. But such excesses were, in truth, the overflowings of virtues. Emphatically, Thomas Chalmers was a man of love and honor. If we are forced to regret some important points in which we differ, we rejoice to believe, with his friend Andrew Fuller, that those points are outnumbered and outweighed by those in which we agree.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

#### MEMOIR OF SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, BART.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., whom our ministers have lately honored themselves by honoring, is the son of the Rev. Archibald Alison, Prebendary of Sarum, Rector of Roddington, and Vicar of High Erroll, in the County of Salop. The mother of the historian of the French Revolution was Dorothea, whose maiden surname was Gregory, and who was a lineal descendant of James Gregory the celebrated mathematician, Sir Isaac Newton's contemporary.

Sir Archibald Alison is now in his sixty-first year, having been born on the 29th day of January, 1792, at Kenley in Shropshire.

Though southron by birth, he was destined to make Scotland the scene of his professional and

literary career. He was educated for the Scotch bar; and on the 8th of December, 1814, passed Advocate at Edinburgh.

In February, 1823, he was appointed Advocate-depute and King's Counsel; and on the 19th of December, 1834, he was promoted to the station of Sheriff of Lanarkshire, the highest judicial office in Scotland next to the bench: he has continued to hold this station to the present time.

Sir Archibald Alison's professional reputation is not limited to Scotland. He is the author of a work on the criminal law of that country (published in 1831), which not only shows a full mastery of the technical details and local minutiae of the subject, but also displays a comprehensive knowledge of the principles of jurisprudence, and a keen insight into the workings of human nature. English writers on criminal law, and especially on the law of evidence, have gladly used extracts from its pages. Though, we suspect, that out of the numerous young English barristers who study in their "Roscoe," the advice of "an eminent writer on the criminal law of Scotland" about testing the credibility of accomplices, and other similar points, but very few suspect that the Alison, whom they there find quoted, is the same person as the renowned historian of Europe during the period of the French Revolution.

It is in this latter character that Sir Archibald Alison has acquired his high eminence in England, in Anglo-Saxon America, and, indeed, in every part of the globe where the English language is spoken. This great historical work is the fruit of the assiduous labors of twenty-one years. Its success has been proportionate to the honorable toil which was bestowed upon its composition. The old maxim that

*Nil sine magno  
Vita labore dedit,*

is emphatically true of history. Historical romances may be dashed off with a rapid pen, but works that really deserve the name of histories, must be slowly moulded out of the hived wisdom of many a studious year.

The "History of Europe during the French Revolution," first appeared in successive volumes between April, 1833, and June, 1842. Since the completion of the work, eight more large editions have been called for in this country, and the sale across the Atlantic of the American reprints has been even larger.

Such success is, in this instance, decisive proof of merits. Not that the popularity of an historical work is always a test of its excellence. A history may be written, like Lamartine's "History of the Girondins," in a flowery, brilliant style;—it may be filled with startling but strong paradoxes;—it may abound in poetical descriptions and in scenes of dramatic excitement;—it may thus fascinate thousands of readers; and yet, from its writer's carelessness about facts, and rashness in theories, it may be worthless as a history, and only entitled to take its station among the creations of the novelist. But the popularity of Alison's History cannot be said to have been acquired by any meretricious ornaments of style, or any system of appealing to the imagination and the passions, instead of the reason. He can describe graphically, and can exhibit character vividly, when occasion requires; but the general qualities of his history are an austere gravity in its reflections on facts, and an almost painful conscientiousness as to the completeness and accuracy with which the facts

themselves are stated. We believe that its volumes are very seldom taken up for amusement, but that they are justly prized as never-failing store-houses of instruction.

Indeed, the principal charge made against this history is an accusation of being too elaborate and too prolix. Sir Archibald Alison may well adopt the defence made by two other great modern English historians to similar complaints. When Arnold was blamed for the length of his volumes, his answer was, "I am convinced, by a tolerably large experience, that most readers find it almost impossible to impress on their memories a mere abridgment of history. The number of names and events crowded into a small space is overwhelming to them, and the absence of details in the narrative makes it impossible to communicate to it much of interest. Neither characters nor events can be developed with that particularity which is the best help to memory, because it attracts and engages us, and impresses images on the mind as well as facts." And Sir Francis Palgrave, in the preface to his recent "History of Normandy and England," justly says on the same point:—"Not merely are meagre abridgments devoid of interest, but under the existing circumstances of society they become snares for the conscience, seducing men to content themselves with a perfunctory notion of history, and, when occasion calls, to act upon imperfect knowledge."

Besides his "Opus Magnum," Sir Archibald Alison has enriched our literature with a life of the great Duke of Marlborough, which is one of the most delightful and instructive pieces of historical biography in our language. From the greater unity and comparative brevity of its subject this work is a more agreeable one than the "History of Europe," while, at the same time, it gives clear and full information respecting the events of a very memorable period in our annals. The first edition of it was published in 1847; but a second edition has recently appeared, with such ample additions and numerous improvements, as to make it almost a new work. We extract from it a portion of Sir Archibald's admirable parallel of the Duke of Marlborough with the Duke of Wellington.

Though similar in many respects, so far as the general conduct of their campaigns is concerned, from the necessity under which both labored of husbanding the blood of their soldiers, the military qualities of England's two chiefs were essentially different, and each possessed some points in which he was superior to the other. By nature Wellington was more daring than Marlborough, and though soon constrained by necessity to adopt a cautious system, he continued, throughout all his career, to incline more to a hazardous policy than his great predecessor. The intrepid advance and fight at Assaye, the crossing of the Douro and movement on Talavera in 1809, the advance to Madrid and Burgos in 1812, the actions before Bayonne in 1813, the desperate stand made at Waterloo in 1815—place this beyond a doubt. Marlborough never hazarded so much on the success of a single enterprise; he ever aimed at compassing his objects by skill and combination, rather than risking them on the chance of arms. Wellington was a mixture of Turenne and Eugene: Marlborough was the perfection of the Turenne school alone. No man could fight more ably and gallantly than Marlborough: his talent and rapidity of eye in tactics were at least equal to his skill in strategy and previous combination. But he was not partial to such desperate passages-at-arms, and never resorted to them but from necessity, or

when encouraged by a happy opportunity for striking a blow. The proof of this is decisive. Marlborough, during ten campaigns, fought only five pitched battles; Wellington, in seven, fought fifteen, in every one of which he proved victorious.

Marlborough's consummate generalship, throughout his whole career, kept him out of disaster. It was said, with justice, that he never fought a battle which he did not gain, nor laid siege to a town which he did not take. He took about twenty fortified places of the first order, generally in presence of an enemy's army superior to his own. Wellington's more desperate circumstances frequently involved him in peril, and on some occasions caused serious losses to his army; but they were the price at which he purchased his transcendent successes. Wellington's bolder strategy gained for him advantages which the more circumspect measures of his predecessor never could have attained. Marlborough would never, with scarcely any artillery, have hazarded the attack on Burgos, nor incurred the perilous chances of the retreat from that town; but he never would have delivered the south of the Peninsula in a single campaign, by throwing himself, with forty thousand men, upon the communications, in the north, of a hundred and fifty thousand. It is hard to say which was the greatest general, if their merits in the field alone are considered; but Wellington's successes were the more vital to his country, for they delivered it from the greater peril; and they were more honorable to himself, for they were achieved against greater odds. And his fame in future times will be proportionally brighter; for the final overthrow of Napoleon, and the destruction of the revolutionary power, in a single battle, present an object of surpassing interest, to which there is nothing in history perhaps parallel, and which, to the latest generation, will fascinate the minds of men.

Marlborough laid great stress on cavalry in war; his chief successes in the field were owing to the skilful use made of a powerful reserve body of horse in the decisive point, and at the decisive moment. It was thus that he overthrew the French centre at Blenheim, by the charge of six thousand cavalry, headed by himself in person, in the interval between that village and Oberglaue; struck the decisive blow at Ramillies by the charge of a reserve of twenty squadrons drawn from the rear of the right; and broke through the formidable intrenchments at Malplaquet, by instantly following up the irruption of Lord Orkney into the centre of the lines by a vigorous charge of thirty squadrons of cavalry in at the opening. The proportion of horse to infantry was much greater in his armies than it has since been in the British service; it was never under eighty, and at last as high as a hundred and sixty squadrons, which, at the usual rate of a hundred and fifty to a squadron, must, when complete, have mustered twelve and twenty-four thousand sabres. This was from a fourth to a fifth of their amount at each time. His horse, in great part composed of the steady German dragoons, was in general of the very best description. Wellington's victories were, for the most part, less owing to the action of cavalry; but that was because the country which was the theatre of war—Portugal, Spain, and the south of France—was commonly too rocky or mountainous to admit of the use of horse on an extended scale, and he had not nearly so large a body of cavalry at his disposal. Where they could be rendered available, he made the best use of this powerful arm, as was shown in Le Marchant's noble charge at Salamanca, Bock's with the heavy Germans next day, and Ponsonby's, Vivian's, and Somerset's at Waterloo.

Marlborough was more fortunate than Wellington, perhaps more so than any general of modern times, in sieges. He took nearly all the strongest places in Europe in presence of an enemy's army, always equal,

generally superior to his own; he never once laid siege to a fortress that he did not subdue. His reduction of Lille, with its noble garrison of fifteen thousand men, in presence of Vendôme at the head of a hundred and twenty thousand, was the most wonderful achievement of the kind which modern Europe had witnessed. Wellington was less fortunate in this branch of warfare. He made three successful sieges, those of Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, and San Sebastian; but he sustained three bloody repulses, at Badajos in 1811, Burgos in 1812, and San Sebastian in the first siege in 1813. But in justice to Wellington, the essential difference between his situation and that of Marlborough in this respect must be considered. The latter carried on the war in Flanders, close to the strongholds of Austria and Holland, at no great distance from the arsenals of England, and with the facilities of water-carriage in general for bringing up his battering-trains. His troops, trained by experience in the long war which terminated with the peace of Ryswick, in 1697, had become as expert as their enemies in all the branches of the military art.

Wellington carried on the war at a great distance from the resources of Great Britain, with little aid from the inefficient or distracted councils of Portugal or Spain, in a mountainous country, where water-communication could only penetrate a short way into the interior, in presence of an enemy's force always double, often triple, his own, and with troops whom a century of domestic peace, bought by Marlborough's victories, had caused so completely to forget the practical details of war, that even some of the best of the general officers, when they embarked for the Peninsula, had to be told what a ravelin and a counterscarp were. He was compelled by the pressure of time, and the approach of forces greatly superior to his own, to make assaults as his last chance, when the breaches were scarcely practicable, and the parapets and defences around them had not even been knocked away. The attacks on Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos were not regular sieges; they were sudden assaults on strong places by a sort of *coup-de-main*, under circumstances where methodical approaches were impossible. Whoever weighs these circumstances, so far from wondering at the chequered fortune of Wellington in sieges, will rather be surprised that he was successful at all.

Sir Archibald Alison is a man of strong political opinions, which are freely expressed throughout his historical works. But, without pronouncing here any judgment as to the soundness or unsoundness of the Alisonian politics, we may remark that even those who differ from his politics most widely, still find Alison's histories of very great value. This arises from the scrupulous fairness and fulness with which he invariably states the facts. He not only is free from the direct crimes of the *suppression veri*, and the *suggestio falsi*, but he never uses that fallaciously artistic grouping and coloring, which some writers practise, and by which they succeed in making their whole scenes convey unfair impressions, though there is no one point of detail, which, if taken separately, can be convicted of incorrectness.

Besides the works which we have mentioned, Sir Archibald Alison has written a treatise on the "Principles of Population," which was published at Edinburgh in 1839; and, during the last year, three volumes of Essays have appeared, consisting chiefly of reprinted contributions to "Blackwood's Magazine," a periodical, of which he has long been a strong support and a brilliant ornament. In June of this year her majesty, by the advice of her ministers, raised him to the dignity of a Baronet of the United Kingdom.

He is understood to be now engaged in a con-

tinuation of his History of Europe from 1815 to the present time. We heartily wish him health and leisure to complete his labors, and many long years to enjoy their renown.

## MORNING.

KEBLE.

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,  
That, ere the glorious sun be born,  
By some soft touch invisible,  
Around his path are taught to swell;—

Thou rustling breeze, so fresh and gay,  
That dancest forth at opening day,  
And brushing by with joyous wing,  
Wakenest each little leaf to sing;—

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,  
By which deep pool and tangled stream  
Pay, for soft rains in season given,  
Their tribute to the genial heaven;—

Why waste your treasures of delight  
Upon our thankless, joyless sight,  
Who, day by day to sin awake,  
Seldom of heaven and you partake?

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,  
Hearts that with rising morn arise,  
Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love  
Our wakening and uprising prove;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, in our daily course, our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
As more of heaven in each we see;  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain  
Untired we ask and ask again,  
Ever, in its melodious store,  
Finding a spell unheard before;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,  
When they have sworn and steadfast mean,  
Counting the cost, in all t' espy  
Their God, in all themselves deny.

Oh, could we learn that sacrifice,  
What lights would all around us rise!  
How would our hearts with wisdom talk  
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,  
Our neighbor and our work farewell,  
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
For sinful man beneath the sky:

The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these,  
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,  
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go;—  
The secret this of Rest below

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect Rest above;  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.



From Chambers' Journal.

## WOLF-CHILDREN.

It is a pity that the present age is so completely absorbed in materialities, at a time when the facilities are so singularly great for a philosophy which would inquire into the constitution of our moral nature. In the North Pacific, we are in contact with tribes of savages ripening sensibly to the eye into civilized communities; and we are able to watch the change as dispassionately as if we were in our studies examining the wonders of the minute creation through a microscope. In America, we have before us a living model, blind, mute, deaf, and without the sense of smell; communicating with the external world by the sense of touch alone; yet endowed with a rare intelligence, which permits us to see, through the fourfold veil that shrouds her, the original germs of the human character. Nearer home, we have been from time to time attracted and astonished by the spectacle of children, born of European parents, emerging from forests where they had been lost for a series of years, fallen back, not into the moral condition of savages, but of wild beasts, with the sentiments and even the instincts of their kind obliterated forever. And now we have several cases before us, occurring in India, of the same lapses from humanity, involving circumstances curious in themselves, but more important than curious, as throwing a strange light upon what before was an impenetrable mystery. It is to these we mean to direct our attention on the present occasion; but before doing so, it will be well just to glance at the natural history of the wild children of Europe.\*

The most remarkable specimen, and the best type of the class, was found in the year 1725, in a wood in Hanover. With the appearance of a human being—of a boy about thirteen years of age—he was in every respect a wild animal, walking on all-fours, feeding on grass and moss, and lodging in trees. When captured, he exhibited a strong repugnance to clothing; he could not be induced to lie on a bed, frequently tearing the clothes to express his indignation; and, in the absence of his customary lair among the boughs of a tree, he crouched in a corner of the room to sleep. Raw food he devoured with relish, more especially cabbage-leaves and other vegetables, but turned away from the sophistications of cookery. He had no articulate language, expressing his emotions only by the sounds emitted by various animals. Although only five feet three inches, he was remarkably strong; he never exhibited any interest in the female sex; and even in his old age—for he was supposed to be seventy-three when he died—it was only in external manners he had advanced from the character of a wild beast to that of a good-tempered savage, for he was still without consciousness of the Great Spirit.

In other children that were caught subsequently to Peter, for that was the name they gave him, the same character was observable, although with considerable modifications. One of them, a young girl of twelve or thirteen, was not merely without sympathy for persons of the male sex, but she held them all her life in great abhorrence. Her temper was ungovernable; she was fond of blood, which she sucked from the living animal; and was some-

thing more than suspected of the cannibal propensity. On one occasion, she was seen to dive as naturally as an otter in a lake, catch a fish, and devour it on the spot. Yet this girl eventually acquired language; was even able to give some indistinct account of her early career in the woods; and towards the close of her life, when subdued by long illness, exhibited few traces of having once been a wild animal. Another, a boy of eleven or twelve, was caught in the woods of Canne, in France. He was impatient, capricious, violent; rushing even through crowded streets like an ill-trained dog; slovenly and disgusting in his manners; affected with spasmodic motions of the head and limbs; biting and scratching all who displeased him; and always, when at comparative rest, balancing his body like a wild animal in a menagerie. His senses were incapable of being affected by anything not appealing to his personal feelings; a pistol fired close to his head excited little or no emotion, yet he heard distinctly the cracking of a walnut, or the touch of a hand upon the key which kept him captive. The most delicious perfumes, or the most fetid exhalations, were the same thing to his sense of smell, because these did not affect, one way or other, his relish for his food, which was of a disgusting nature, and which he dragged about the floor like a dog, eating it when besmeared with filth. Like almost all the lower animals, he was affected by the changes of the weather; but on some of these occasions, his feelings approached to the human in their manifestations. When he saw the sun break suddenly from a cloud, he expressed his joy by bursting into convulsive peals of laughter; and one morning, when he awoke, on seeing the ground covered with snow, he leaped out of bed, rushed naked into the garden, rolled himself over and over in the snow, and, stuffing handfuls of it into his mouth, devoured it eagerly. Sometimes he showed signs of a true madness, wringing his hands, gnashing his teeth, and becoming formidable to those about him. But in other moods, the phenomena of nature seemed to tranquillize and sadden him. When the severity of the season, as we are informed by the French physician who had charge of him, had driven every other person out of the garden, he still delighted to walk there; and, after taking many turns, would seat himself beside a pond of water. Here his convulsive motions, and the continual balancing of his whole body, diminished, and gave way to a more tranquil attitude; his face gradually assumed the character of sorrow or melancholy reverie, while his eyes were steadfastly fixed on the surface of the water, and he threw into it, from time to time, some withered leaves. In like manner, on a moonlight night, when the rays of the moon entered his room, he seldom failed to awake, and to place himself at the window. Here he would remain for a considerable time, motionless, with his neck extended, and his eyes fixed on the moonlight landscape, and wrapped in a kind of contemplative ecstasy, the silence of which was interrupted only by profound inspirations, accompanied by a slight plaintive noise.

We have only to add, that, by the anxious care of the physician, and a thousand ingenious contrivances, the senses of this human animal, with the exception of his hearing, which always remained dull and impassive, were gradually stimulated, and he was even able at length to pronounce two or three words. Here his history breaks off.

The scene of these extraordinary narratives has

\* A paper on this subject will be found in *Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts*, vol. v., No. 48.

hitherto been confined to Europe; but we have now to draw attention to the wild children of India. It happens, fortunately, that in this case the character of the testimony is unimpeachable; for, although brought forward in a brief, rough pamphlet, published in a provincial town, and merely said to be "by an Indian Official," we recognize both in the manner and matter the pen of Colonel Sleeman, the British Resident at the court of Lucknow, whose invaluable services in putting down thuggee and dacoites in India we have already described to our readers.\*

The district of Sultanpoor, in the kingdom of Oude, a portion of the great plain of the Ganges, is watered by the Goomtee River, a navigable stream, about one hundred and forty yards broad, the banks of which are much infested by wolves. These animals are protected by the superstition of the Hindoos, and to such an extent, that a village community within whose boundaries a single drop of their blood has been shed, is believed to be doomed to destruction. The wolf is safe—but from a very different reason—even from those vagrant tribes who have no permanent abiding-place, but bivouac in the jungle, and feed upon jackals, reptiles—anything, and who make a trade of catching and selling such wild animals as they consider too valuable to eat. The reason why the vulpine ravager is spared by these wretches is—that wolves devour children! Not, however, that the wanderers have any dislike to children, but they are tempted by the jewels with which they are adorned; and, knowing the dens of the animals, they make this fearful gold-seeking a part of their business. The adornment of their persons with jewellery is a passion with the Hindoos which nothing can overcome. Vast numbers of women—even those of the most infamous class—are murdered for the sake of their ornaments, yet the lesson is lost upon the survivors. Vast numbers of children, too, fall victims in the same way, and from the same cause, or are permitted, by those who shrink from murder, to be carried off and devoured by the wolves; yet no Indian mother can withstand the temptation to bedizen her child, whenever it is in her power, with bracelets, necklaces, and other ornaments of gold and silver. So much is necessary as an introduction to the incidents that follow.

One day, a trooper, like Spenser's gentle knight, "was pricking on the plain," near the banks of the Goomtee. He was within a short distance of Chandour, a village about ten miles from Sultanpoor, the capital of the district, when he halted to observe a large female wolf and her whelps come out of a wood near the roadside, and go down to the river to drink. There were four whelps. Four!—surely not more than three; for the fourth of the juvenile company was as little like a wolf as possible. The horseman stared; for in fact it was a boy, going on all-fours like his comrades, evidently on excellent terms with them all, and guarded, as well as the rest, by the dam with the same jealous care which that exemplary mother, but unpleasant neighbor, bestows upon her progeny. The trooper sat still in his saddle watching this curious company till they had satisfied their thirst; but as soon as they commenced their return, he put spurs to his horse, to intercept the boy. Off ran the wolves, and off ran the boy helter-skelter—the latter

keeping close up with the dam; and the horseman, owing to the unevenness of the ground, found it impossible to overtake them before they had all entered their den. He was determined, nevertheless, to attain his object, and, assembling some people from the neighboring village with pickaxes, they began to dig in the usual way into the hole. Having made an excavation of six or eight feet, the garrison evacuated the place—the wolf, the three whelps, and the boy, leaping suddenly out and taking to flight. The trooper instantly threw himself upon his horse, and set off in pursuit, followed by the fleetest of the party; and the ground over which they had to fly being this time more even, he at length headed the chase, and turned the whole back upon the men on foot. These secured the boy, and, according to prescriptive rule, allowed the wolf and her three whelps to go on their way.

"They took the boy to the village," says Colonel Sleeman, "but had to tie him, for he was very restive, and struggled hard to rush into every hole or den they came near. They tried to make him speak, but could get nothing from him but an angry growl or snarl. He was kept for several days at the village, and a large crowd assembled every day to see him. When a grown-up person came near him, he became alarmed, and tried to steal away; but when a child came near him, he rushed at it with a fierce snarl, like that of a dog, and tried to bite it. When any cooked meat was put near him, he rejected it in disgust; but when raw meat was offered, he seized it with avidity, put it upon the ground, under his hands, like a dog, and ate it with evident pleasure. He would not let any one come near while he was eating, but he made no objection to a dog's coming and sharing his food with him."

This wild boy was sent to Captain Nicholetts, the European officer commanding the 1st regiment of Oude Local Infantry, stationed at Sultanpoor. He lived only three years after his capture, and died in August, 1850. According to Captain Nicholetts' account of him, he was very inoffensive except when teased, and would then growl and snarl. He came to eat anything that was thrown him, although much preferring raw flesh. He was very fond of uncooked bones, masticating them apparently with as much ease as meat; and he had likewise a still more curious partiality for small stones and earth. So great was his appetite, that he has been known to eat half a lamb at one meal; and buttermilk he would drink by the pitcher full without seeming to draw breath. He would never submit to wear any article of dress even in the coldest weather; and when a quilt stuffed with cotton was given to him, "he tore it to pieces, and ate a portion of it—cotton and all—with his bread every day." The countenance of the boy was repulsive, and his habits filthy in the extreme. He was never known to smile; and, although fond of dogs and jackals, formed no attachment for any human being. Even when a favorite pariah dog, which used to feed with him, was shot for having fallen under suspicion of taking the lion's share of the meal, he appeared to be quite indifferent. He sometimes walked erect; but generally ran on all-fours—more especially to his food when it was placed at a distance from him.

Another of these wolf-children was carried off from his parents at Chupra (twenty miles from Sultanpoor), when he was three years of age. They were at work in the field, the man cutting his crop of wheat and pulse, and the woman

\* The title of the pamphlet alluded to is, *An Account of Wolves nurturing Children in their dens*. By an Indian Official. Plymouth: Jenkin Thomas, printer. 1852.

gleaning after him, with the child sitting on the grass. Suddenly there rushed into the family party, from behind a bush, a gaunt wolf, and, seizing the boy by the loins, ran off with him to a neighboring ravine. The mother followed with loud screams, which brought the whole village to her assistance; but they soon lost sight of the wolf and his prey, and the boy was heard no more of for six years. At the end of that time, he was found by two sipahis associating, as in the former case, with wolves, and caught by the leg when he had got half-way into the den. He was very ferocious when drawn out, biting at his deliverers, and seizing hold of the barrel of one of their guns with his teeth. They secured him, however, and carried him home, when they fed him on raw flesh, hares, and birds, till they found the charge too enormous, and gave him up to the public charity of the village till he should be recognized by his parents. This actually came to pass. His mother, by that time a widow, hearing a report of the strange boy at Koeleapoor, hastened to the place from her own village of Chupra, and, by means of indubitable marks upon his person, recognized her child, transformed into a wild animal. She carried him home with her; but finding him destitute of natural affection, and in other respects wholly irreclaimable, at the end of two months she left him to the common charity of the village.

When this boy drank, he dipped his face in the water, and sucked. The front of his elbows and knees had become hardened from going on all-fours with the wolves. The village boys amused themselves by throwing frogs to him, which he caught and devoured; and when a bullock died and was skinned, he resorted to the carcass like the dogs of the place, and fed upon the carrion. His body smelled offensively. He remained in the village during the day, for the sake of what he could get to eat, but always went off to the jungle at night. In other particulars, his habits resembled those already described. We have only to add respecting him, that, in November, 1850, he was sent from Sultanpoor, under the charge of his mother, to Colonel Sleeman—then probably at Lucknow—but, something alarming him on the way, he ran into a jungle, and had not been recovered at the date of the last dispatch.

We pass over three other narratives of a similar kind, that present nothing peculiar, and shall conclude with one more specimen of the Indian wolf-boy. This human animal was captured, like the first we have described, by a trooper, with the assistance of another person on foot. When placed on the pommel of the saddle, he tore the horseman's clothes, and, although his hands were tied, contrived to bite him severely in several places. He was taken to Dondee, where the rajah took charge of him till he was carried off by Janoo, a lad who was khidmutgar (table-attendant) to a travelling Cashmere merchant. The boy was then apparently about twelve years of age, and went upon all-fours, although he could stand, and go awkwardly on his legs when threatened. Under Janoo's attention, however, in beating and rubbing his legs with oil, he learned to walk like other human beings. But the vulpine smell continued to be very offensive, although his body was rubbed for some months with mustard-seed soaked in water, and he was compelled during the discipline to live on rice, pulse, and bread. He slept under the mango-tree, where Janoo himself lodged, but was always tied to a tent-pin.

One night, when the wild boy was lying asleep under his tree, Janoo saw two wolves come up stealthily, and smell at him. They touched him, and he awoke; and, rising from his reclining posture, he put his hands upon the heads of his visitors, and they licked his face. They capered round him, and he threw straw and leaves at them. The khidmutgar gave up his protégé for lost; but presently he became convinced that they were only at play, and he kept quiet. He at length gained confidence enough to drive the wolves away; but they soon came back, and resumed their sport for a time. The next night, three playfellows made their appearance, and, in a few nights after, four. They came four or five times, till Janoo lost all his fear of them. When the Cashmere merchant returned to Lucknow, where his establishment was, Janoo still carried his pet with him, tied by a string to his own arm; and, to make him useful according to his capacity, with a bundle on his head. At every jungle they passed, however, the boy would throw down the bundle, and attempt to dart into the thicket; repeating the insubordination, though repeatedly beaten for it, till he was fairly subdued, and became docile by degrees. The greatest difficulty was to get him to wear clothes, which to the last he often injured or destroyed, by rubbing them against posts like a beast, when some part of his body itched. Some months after their arrival at Lucknow, Janoo was sent away from the place for a day or two on some business, and on his return he found that the wild boy had escaped. He was never more seen.

It is a curious circumstance, that the wild children, whether of Europe or Asia, have never been found above a certain age. They do not grow into adults in the woods. Colonel Sleeman thinks their lives may be cut short by their living exclusively on animal food; but to some of them, as we have seen, a vegetable diet has been habitual. The probability seems to be, that, with increasing years, their added boldness and consciousness of strength may lead them into fatal adventures with their brethren of the forest. As for the protection of the animal by which they were originally nurtured becoming powerless from age, which is another hypothesis, that supposes too romantic a system of patronage and dependence. The head of the family must have several successive series of descendants to care for after the arrival of the stranger, and it is far more probable that the wild boy is obliged to turn out with his playmates, when they are ordered to shift for themselves, than that he alone remains a fixture at home. That protection of some kind at first is a necessary condition of his surviving at all, there can be no manner of doubt, although it does not follow that a wolf is always the patron. The different habits of some of the European children we have mentioned, show a totally different course of education. If, for instance, they had been nurtured by wolves, they would no more have learned to climb trees than to fly in the air. As for the female specimen we have mentioned, hers was obviously an exceptional case. She was lost, as appeared from her own statement, when old enough to work at some employment, and a club she used as a weapon was one of her earliest recollections.

The wild children of India, however, were obviously indebted to wolves for their miserable lives; and it is not so difficult, as at first sight might be supposed, to imagine the possibility of such an occurrence. The parent wolves are so careful of

their progeny, that they feed them for some time with half-digested food, disgorged by themselves; and after that—if we may believe Buffon, who seems as familiar with the interior of a den as if he had boarded and lodged in the family—they bring home to them live animals, such as hares and rabbits. These the young wolves play with, and when at length they are hungry, kill; the mother then for the first time interfering, to divide the prey in equal portions. But in the case of a child being brought to the den—a child accustomed, in all probability, to tyrannize over the whelps of pariah dogs and other young animals, they would find it far easier to play than to kill; and if we only suppose the whole family going to sleep together, and the parents, bringing home fresh food in the morning—contingencies not highly improbable—the mystery is solved, although the marvel remains. It may be added, that such wolves as we have an opportunity of observing in menageries, are always gentle and playful when young, and it is only time that develops the latent ferocity of a character the most detestable, perhaps, in the whole animal kingdom. Cowardly and cruel in equal proportion, the wolf has no defenders. "In short," says Goldsmith—probably translating Buffon, for we have not the latter at hand to ascertain—"every way offensive, a savage aspect, a frightful howl, an insupportable odor, a perverse disposition, fierce habits, he is hateful while living, and useless when dead."

But what, then, is man, whom mere accidental association for a few years can strip of the faculties inherent in his race and convert into a wolf? The lower animals retain their instincts in all circumstances. The kitten, brought up from birth on its mistress' lap, imbibes none of her tastes in food or anything else. It rejects vegetables, sweets, fruits, all drinks but water or milk, and although content to satisfy its hunger with dressed meat, darts with an eager growl upon raw flesh. Man alone is the creature of imitation in good or in bad. His faculties and instincts, although containing the *germ* of everything noble, are not independent and self-existing like those of the brutes. This fact accounts for the difference observable, in an almost stereotyped form, in the different classes of society; it affords a hint to legislators touching their obligation to use the power they possess in elevating, by means of education, the character of the more degraded portions of the community; and it brings home to us all the great lesson of sympathy for the bad as well as the afflicted—both victims alike of *circumstances*, over which they in many cases have nearly as little control as the wild children of the desert.

## CONSTANCY.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Who is the honest man?  
He that doth still and strongly good pursue;  
To God, his neighbor, and himself most true;  
Whom neither force nor fawning can  
Surprise, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not  
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind  
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind;  
Who rides his horse an even trot  
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,  
Nor seeks nor shuns them; but doth calmly stay

Till he the thing and the example weigh:  
All being brought into a sum,  
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo  
To use in anything a trick or sleight;  
For above all things he abhors deceit:  
His words, and works, and fashion too,  
All of a piece; and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws  
At close temptations. When the day is done,  
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run.  
The sun to others writeth laws  
And is their virtue: Virtue is *his* sun.

Who, when he is to treat  
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway  
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way;  
Whom others' faults do not defeat,  
But though men fail him, yet his part doth pay.

Whom nothing can procure,  
When the wide world runs bias, from his will  
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend the ill.  
This is the mark-man, safe and sure,  
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

From the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.

## THE BEAUTIFUL.

WALK with the beautiful and with the grand;  
• Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;  
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,  
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her.  
Walk with the beautiful!

I hear thee say, "The beautiful! what is it?"  
Oh, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure  
'T is no long, weary road its form to visit,  
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door.  
Then love the beautiful!

Ay, love it; 't is a sister that will bless,  
And teach thee patience when thy heart is lonely;  
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,  
And thou art made a little lower only.  
Then love the beautiful!

Sigh for it! kiss it when 't is in thy way;  
Be its idolater as of a maiden.  
Thy parents bent to it, and more than they  
Be thou its worshipper. Another Eden  
Comes with the beautiful!

Some boast its presence upon Helen's face;  
Some in the pinion'd pipers of the skies;  
But be not fool'd. Where'er thy eye might trace,  
Searching the beautiful, it will arise.  
Then seek it everywhere!

Thy bosom is its mint; the workmen are  
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee. Be-  
lieving  
The beautiful is master of a star,  
Thou mak'st it so; but art thyself deceiving  
If otherwise thy faith.

Dost thou see beauty in the violet cup?  
I'll teach thee miracles. Walk on this heath,  
And say to the neglected flowers, "Look up,  
And be ye beautiful!" If thou hast faith,  
They will obey thy word.

One thing, I warn thee: crook no knee to gold;  
It is a witch of such almighty power  
That it will turn thy young affections old.  
I reach my hand to him who, hour by hour,  
Preaches the beautiful!



From Household Words.

## THE GERMAN WORKMAN.

THAT workmen in England may have some clear knowledge of the ways and customs of a large number of their brethren on the Continent, I, a German workman, here intend to put down for their use a part of my own knowledge and experience.

The majority of trades in Germany are formed into guilds, or companies. At the head of each guild stands an officer chosen by the government, whatever it may be—for you may find a government of any sort in Germany, between an emperor and a senate—this officer being always a master, and a member of the guild. His title differs in almost every German state, but he is generally called Trade-master, or Deputy. Associated with him are two or three of the oldest employers; or, in some cases, workmen, in the trade, under the titles of Eldermen, or Masters' Representatives. These three or four men govern the guild, and have under them, for the proper transaction of business, a secretary and a messenger. Such officers, however, do not represent their trade in the whole state or kingdom; but are chosen, in every large town, to conduct the multifarious business that may require attention within its limits.

Although all these guilds are, in their original constitution, formed on the same model, they differ materially in their internal arrangements. Much depends upon the ruling government of the state in which they are situated; for, while in despotic Prussia, what is there called freedom of Trade is declared for all, in the "free" town of Hamburg everything is bound and locked up in small monopolies.

In some parts of Germany there are "close trades," which means to say that the number of masters in each is definitely fixed. This is so in Hamburg. For instance, among the goldsmiths, the number of new masters annually to be elected is three, being about sufficient to fill up the deficiencies occurring from death and other causes. I have heard of as many as five being elected in one year, and I have also heard it asserted that this was to be accounted for on the supposition that the aldermen had been "smeared in the hand;" that is to say, bribed.

There are other trades locked up in a different way. There exist several of this kind in Nuremberg, and thereabouts; as, the awl and punch-makers, lead-pencil makers, hand-bell makers, gold and silver wire-drawers, and others. They occupy a particular town, or district, and they say, "Here we are. We possess these trades, and we mean to keep them to ourselves. We will teach no strangers our craft; we will confine it among our relatives and townsmen; and, in order to prevent the knowledge of it from spreading any farther, we will allow our workmen to travel only within the limits of our town or land;" and so they keep their secrets close.

In other trades, the workmen are allowed to engage themselves only to a privileged employer. That is to say, they dare not execute a private order, but can receive employment from a master of the craft only. In Prussia, and some few other lands, each workman can work on his own account, and can offer his goods for sale in the public market unhindered, so long as they are the production of his own hands alone; but should he employ a journeyman, then he pays a tax to gov-

ernment of about ten shillings annually, the tax increasing in proportion to the number of men he may employ.

There are also "endowed" and "unendowed" trades. An endowed guild is one the members of which pay a certain small sum monthly while in work, and thus form a fund for the relief of the sick and the assistance of the travelling members of the trade. There are few trades of the unendowed kind, for the workmen of such trades have to depend upon the generosity of their companions in the craft in the hour of need; and it is generally found more economical to pay a regular sum than to be called on at uncertain intervals for a donation; moreover, the respectability of the craft is better maintained.

While we talk of respectability, we may add that it was formerly the especial care of the heads of each guild to see that no disreputable persons became members of the trade; and illegitimate children, and even the lawful offspring of shepherds, bailiffs, and town servants were carefully excluded. This practice exists no longer, except in some few insignificant places; but the law is still very general which says that no workman can become a master who has not fulfilled every regulation imposed by his guild; that is to say, he must have been apprenticed at the proper age to a properly-constituted master; must have regularly completed his period of apprenticeship, and have passed the appointed time in travel. The worst part of all these regulations is, that, as they vary in almost every state, the unfortunate wanderer has to conform to a new set of laws in every new land he enters.

One other regulation is almost universal. Each guild must have a place of meeting; not a sumptuous hall, but mere accommodation in a public-house. It is called the "Herberge," and answers, in many respects, to our "House of Call." This is the weary traveller's place of rest—he can claim a shelter here; indeed, in most cases, he dares sleep nowhere else. Here also the guild holds its quarterly meetings. By way of illustration, let us take the Goldsmiths' Herberge in Hamburg; the "Stadt Bremen" is the sign of the house. In it, the goldsmiths use a large, rectangular apartment, furnished with a few rough tables and chairs, and a wooden bench running round its four walls. On the tables are arranged long clay pipes, and in the centre of each table is a small dish of what the uninitiated might take to be dried tea-leaves. This is uncut tobacco, which the host, the father of the House of Call, is bound to provide. The secretary and messenger of the guild of goldsmiths are there, together with one or two of the "Altgesellen" (elder journeymen), who perform the active part of the duties of the guild. The minutes of the last meeting, and the incidents of the quarter—possibly, also, an abstract of the rules—having been read, and new officers, to supersede those who retire, having been balloted for, the business of the evening closes. Then commences a confusion of tongues; for here are congregated Russians, Hungarians, Danes, Hamburgers, Prussians, Austrians; possibly there may be found here a member of every state in the German Union. None are silent, and the dialect of each is distinct. Assiduously, in the pauses of his private conversation, every man smokes his long pipe, and drinks his beer or punch. Presently two female harp-players enter—sources of refreshment quite as popular in Hamburg as the punch. They

strike up an infatuating waltz. The effect is wonderful. Two or three couples (men waltzing with men, of course) are immediately on their feet, scrambling, kicking, and scraping round the room; hugging each other in the most awkward manner. Chairs and tables are huddled into corners; for the mania has seized upon two thirds of the company. The rest cannot forsake their beer, but congregate in the corners, and yell, and scream toasts and "Lebe-hoch!" till they are hoarse.

Two girls enter, with trifling articles of male attire for sale; stocks, pomatum, brushes, and beard-wax; but the said damsels are immediately pounced upon for partners. In the intervals of the music a grand tournament takes place; the weapons being clay-pipes, which are speedily shattered into a thousand pieces, and strewn about the room to facilitate dancing. Such a scene of shuffling, whirling, shouting, and pipe-crunching, could scarcely be seen elsewhere.

We will take a German youth destined to become an artisan, and endeavor to follow him through the complication of conflicting usages of which he stands the ordeal. Hans is fourteen years of age, and has just left school with a decent education. Hans has his trade and master chosen for him; is taken before the heads of the guild, and his indenture duly signed and sealed in their presence; they themselves witnessing the document. His term of apprenticeship is probably four years, perhaps six; a premium is seldom given, and when it is, it shortens the period of apprenticeship. The indenture, together with a certificate of baptism, in some cases that of confirmation (which ceremony serves as an important epoch in Germany), and even a documentary proof of vaccination, are deposited in the coffers of the guild, and kept at the Herberge for future reference.

Obedience to elders and superiors is the one great duty inculcated in the minds of all Germans, and Hans is taught to look upon his master as a second father, to consider short commons as a regulation for his especial good, and to bear cuffing—if he should fall in the way of it—patiently. If he be an apprentice in Vienna, he may possibly breakfast upon a hunch of brown bread, and an unlimited supply of water; dine upon a thin soup and a block of tasteless, fresh boiled beef; and sup upon a cold crust. He may fare better or worse; but, as a general rule, he will sleep in a vile hole, will look upon coffee and butter as undeniable luxuries, and know the weight of his master's hand.

Hans has one great source of pleasure. There is a state school, which he attends on Sundays, and where he is instructed in drawing and modelling. In his future travels, he will find the advantage he has acquired over less educated mechanics in this necessary knowledge; and, should he come to England, he will discover that his skill as a draughtsman will place him at once in a position superior to that of the chance-taught workmen about him. He completes his apprenticeship without attempting to run away. That is practically impossible; but he yearns, with all the ardor of a young heart, for the happy day when he may tramp out of his native town with his knapsack on his back, and the wide world before him.

We will suppose Hans out of his time, and declared a free journeyman by the guild. The law of his country now has it that he must travel—generally for three years, perhaps four or six—before he can take up the position of a master. He may

work for a short period in his native town as a journeyman, but forth he must; nor is he in any way loth. One only contingency there is, which may serve to arrest him in his course—he may be drawn as a conscript—and, possibly, forget in the next two or three years, as a soldier, all he has previously learned in four as a mechanic. But we suppose Hans to have escaped this peril, and to be on the eve of his departure.

When an English gentleman, or mechanic, or beggar, in these isles, has resolved upon making a journey, he has but to pack up his traps, whether it be in his portmanteau, his deal-box, or his pocket-handkerchief; to purchase his ticket at the railway or steam-packet station; and, without asking or consulting with anybody about the matter, to take his seat in the vehicle, and off he goes. Not so Hans. He gives his master fourteen days' notice of his intention to wander, applies to the aldermen of his guild for copies of the various documents concerning himself in their possession, and obtains from his employer a written attestation of his past services. This document is called a "Kundschaft;" is written in set form, acknowledges his probity and industry, and is countersigned by the two aldermen. He is now in a condition to wait upon the "Herberge-Vater" (the landlord of the House of Call), and requests his signature also. The Vater, seeing that Hans owes nothing to him or to any other townsmen—and all creditors know that they have only to report their claims at the Herberge to obtain for them a strict attention—signs his paper, "all quit." Surely he may start forth now! Not so; the most important document is still wanting. He has, as yet, no passport or wander-book.

Hans goes to the police-bureau, and, as he is poor, has to wait a long while. If Hans were rich, or an artist, or a master's son, it is highly probable that he would be able to obtain a passport—and the possession of a passport guarantees many advantages—but as Hans is simply a workman, a "wander-book" only is granted to him. This does indeed cost him less money, but it thrusts him into an unwelcome position, from which it is not easy to escape. He is placed under stricter rule; and, among other things, is forced, during his wandering, to sleep at his trade Herberge, which, from the very monopoly it thus enjoys, is about the worst place he could go to for a lodging.

The good magistrate of Perleberg—the frontier town of Prussia, as you enter from Mecklenburg—had the kindness to affix to the passport carried by the writer of this paper a document entitled "Ordinance concerning the Wandering of Workmen." We will briefly translate its contents;—The "Verordnung" commences with a preamble, to the effect, that notwithstanding the various things that have been done and undone with respect to the aforesaid journeymen, it still happens that numbers of them wander purposeless about the land, to the great burden of their particular trades and the public in general, and to the imminent danger of the common safety. Therefore, be it enacted that "passports," that is to say "passes," in which the distinct purpose of the journey is stated, such as a search for employment; or "wander-books," in which occupation by manual labor is the especial object, are to be granted to those natives of Prussia only who pursue a trade or art for the perfection of which travelling may be considered useful or necessary.

To those only who are irreproachable in character, and perfectly healthy in body; this latter to be attested by a medical certificate.—To those only who have not passed their thirtieth year, nor have travelled for the five previous years without intermission.—To those only who possess a proper amount of clothing, including linen, as well as a sum of money not less than five dollars (about sixteen shillings) for travelling expenses. So much for natives. Foreigners must possess all the above-named requisites; must be provided with proper credentials from their home authorities, and may not have been more than four weeks without employment on their arrival at the frontier. Again, every wanderer must distinctly state in what particular town or city he intends to seek employment, and by what route he purposes to get there; and any deviation from the chosen road (which will be marked in the wander-book) will be visited by the punishment of expulsion from the country. A fixed number of days will be allotted to the wanderer in which to reach his destination, but should he overstep that period, a similar punishment awaits him; expulsion from the country always meaning that the offender shall retrace his steps, and quit the land by the way he had entered it. This is the substance of the "ordinance."

Hans is ready for the road. He has only now to take his farewell. A farewell among workmen is simply a drinking-bout, a parting glass taken overnight. Hans has many friends; these appoint a place of assemblage, and invite him thither. It is a point of honor among them that the "wandering boy" shall pay nothing. Imagine a large, half-lighted room, a crowded board of bearded faces. On the table steams a huge bowl of punch, which the chosen head of the party, perhaps Johann's late master, ladles into the tiny glasses. He proclaims the toast, "The Health of the Wanderer!" The little crowd are on their feet, and amid a pretty tinkling of glasses, an irregular shout arises, a small hurricane of voices, wishing him good speed.

What songs are sung, what healths are drunk, what heartfelt wishes are expressed! The German workmen are good friends to one another—men who are already away from friends and home, and whose tenderest recollections are awakened in the farewell expressed to a departing companion. Many tears are shed, many hearty presses of the hand are given, and not a few kisses impressed upon the cheek. Little tokens of affection are interchanged, and promises to write are made, but seldom kept. With this mingling and outpouring of full hearts, the stream of punch still flows through tiny glasses; but, since "Many a little makes a mickle," the farewell thus taken ends sometimes as a debauch.

Hans, in the morning, is, perhaps, a little the worse for last night's punch. He is attired in a clean white blouse, strapped round the waist; a neat travelling-cap; low, stout shoes; and, possibly, linen wrappers instead of socks. The knapsack, strapped to his back, contains a sufficient change of linen, a coat artistically packed, which is to be worn in cities, and a few necessary tools; the whole stock weighing, perhaps, twenty or thirty pounds. On the sides of the knapsack are little pouches, containing brushes, blacking, and soap; and in his breast-pocket is stowed away a little flask of brandy-schnaps, to revive his drooping spirits on the road. A stout stick completes his equipment. A last adieu from the one friend of his heart, who will walk a few miles with him

on the way—and so he is launched fairly on his journey.

Hans finds the road much harder, and his knapsack heavier than he had expected. Now he is drenched with rain, and can get no shelter; and, when he does, he will find straw an inconvenient substitute for a bed. At last he arrives at Berlin. He has picked up a companion on the road; and, as it frequently happens that several trades hold their meetings in the same house, they both are bound to the same Herberge. Through strange, half-lighted streets, along narrow edges of pavement, they proceed till they enter a court, or wynd, with no footpath at all, and they are in the Schuster Gasse, before the door of the Herberge. The comrade of Hans announces them as they pass the bar, and the next moment they are in the traveller's room, amid as motley a group as ever met within four walls.

Tumult and hubbub. An indescribable odor of tobacco, cummin (carraway), and potato-salad. A variety of hustled blouses. Sunburnt and haggard faces. Ragged beards and unkempt locks. A strong pipe hanging from every lip; beer, or kimmel (a spirit prepared with cummin). Wild snatches of song, and hurried bursts of dialogue. Some are all violence and uproar; some are half dead with sleep and fatigue, their arms sprawling about the tables. Such is the inside of a German trade traveller's room.

Hans and his companion hand over their papers to the "father" as a security, and their knapsacks to a sluttish-looking girl, who deposits them in a cupboard in the corner of the room, and locks the door upon them. Our travellers order a measure of Berliner Weiss Bier, to be in keeping with the rest, and long for the hour of sleep. At length, a stout young man enters, carrying a lighted lantern, and, in a loud voice of authority, he summons all to bed. And there is a scrambling and hustling among some of the travellers, a hasty guzzling of beer and spirits, and a few low murmurs at being disturbed, but none dare disobey.

A shambling troop of sixteen or eighteen, they quit the room, and enter a small paved yard, preceded by the young man with the lantern. There is a rough building, resembling a stable, at the other end of the yard; and, in one corner, a steep ladder, with a hand-rail, which leads to a chamber above. They ascend, and enter a long, low loft, so completely crowded with rough bedsteads that there remains but a narrow alley between them, just sufficient to allow a single person to pass. Eight double beds, and the ceiling so low that the companion of Hans can scarcely stand upright with his hat on.

"New-comers this way," shouts the conductor.

"What's the matter, now?" inquires Hans of his comrade.

"Take off your coat," is the answer in a whisper; "undo the wristbands, and throw open the collar of your shirt."

"What for?"

"To be examined."

So they are examined; and, being pronounced sound, are allowed to sleep with the rest of the flock. In this loft, each bed with at least two occupants, and the door locked—without consideration for fire, accident, or sudden indisposition, Hans passes the first night in Berlin.

But there is no work in Berlin, and Hans must pursue his journey. He waits for hours at the

Police-office, as play-goers wait at the doors of a London theatre. By and by he gets into the small bureau with a desperate rush. That business is settled and he is off again.

Time runs on; and, after a further tramp of good two hundred miles, Hans gets settled at last in the free city of Hamburg. With the exception of a few factories, such as the silk-works at Chemnitz, in Saxony, and the colony of goldsmiths at Pfortzheim, in Wurtemberg, there are few extensive manufactories in Germany. Trade is split up into little masterships of from one to five or six men. This circumstance materially affects the relation between the employer and employed.

The master under whom Hans serves at Hamburg is a pleasant, affable gentleman; his apprentice Peter may be of a different opinion, but that is of no consequence. The master has spent the best years of his life in England and France; has learned to speak the languages of both countries with perfect facility, and is one of the lucky monopolists of his trade. He employs three workmen; one of them, who is possessed of that peculiar cast of countenance generally attributed to the children of Israel. He has been demurred to by the guild,—and why? Because a Jew is legally incapable of working in Hamburg. He is, however, allowed the usual privileges on attesting that he is not an Israelite.

Our master accommodates under his own roof one workman and his apprentice Peter. The others, whom he cannot lodge, are allowed each one mark-banco (fourteen pence) per week, to enable them to find a bed-chamber elsewhere. They suffer a pecuniary loss by the arrangement. Hans sleeps in a narrow box, built on the landing, into which no ray of heaven's light had ever penetrated. His bedding is a very simple affair. He is troubled with neither blankets nor sheets. An "under" and an "over" bed, the latter rather lighter than the former, and both supposed to be of feathers, form his bed and bedding. Hans is as well off as others, so he does not complain. As for the apprentice, Peter, it was known that he disappeared at a certain hour every evening; and from his appearance when he turned out in the morning, Hans was under the impression that he wildly shot himself into some deep and narrow hole, and slept the night through on his head.

And how does Hans fare under his master's roof? Considering the reminiscences of his apprenticeship, he relishes his cup of coffee in the morning, his tiny round roll of white bread, and the heavy black rye-loaf, into which he is allowed to hew his way unchecked, and beautiful Holstein butter. Not being accustomed to better food, it is possible that he enjoys the tasteless fresh boiled beef, the sodden baked meat, with no atom of fat, which form the staple food of dinner. Whether he can comprehend the soups which are sometimes placed before him—now made of shredded lemons, now of strained apples, and occasionally of plain water, with a sprinkling of rice, is another matter; but the sour-kraut and bacon, the boiled beef and raisins, and the baked veal and prunes, are certain to be looked upon by him as unusual luxuries.

The master presides at the table, and blesses the meat with the air of a father of his people. Although workmen in Germany are little better than old apprentices, this daily and familiar intercourse has the effect of breaking down the formal barriers which in England effectually divide the capitalist and the laborer. It creates a respectful familiarity

which raises the workman without lowering the master. The manners of both are thereby decidedly improved.

Hans gradually learns other trade customs. His comrade falls sick, and is taken to the free hospital, a little way out of the city. This hospital is clean and well kept, but fearfully crowded. The elder journeymen of the guild are there too, and they comfort the sick man, and hand him the weekly stipend, half-a-crown, allowed out of the sick fund. Hans contributes to this sick-fund two marks—two shillings and fourpence—a quarter. He does it willingly, but the master has power to deduct it from his wages in the name of the guild. His poor sick friend dies; away from home and friends—a desolate being among strangers. But he is not, therefore, to be neglected. Every workman in the trade is called upon to contribute his share—about sevenpence—towards the expenses of the funeral; and the two senior, assisted by four other journeymen, in full evening dress, attend his funeral. His effects are then carefully packed up, and sent—a melancholy memorial of the death—to his relations.

From the same fund which relieves the sick, are the "wandering boys" also assisted. But the "Geschenk" (gift), as it is called, is a mere trifle; sometimes but a few pence, and in a large city like Berlin it amounts to but twenty silver groshen—little more than two shillings. It is not considered disgraceful to accept this donation; as all, when in work, contribute towards the fund from which it is supplied.

And what is the amount of wages that German workmen receive? In Hamburg wages vary from five to eight marks per week, that is, from seven shillings to ten and sixpence paid monthly. In Leipsic they are paid fortnightly, and average about ten shillings per week. In Berlin wages are paid by the calendar month, and average twenty-four dollars (a dollar is rather more than three shillings) for that period; so that a workman may be said to earn about eighteen shillings a week, but is dependent on his own resources for food and lodging. In Vienna the same regulation exists, and wages range from five to eight guildens—ten to sixteen shillings per week—paid weekly, as in England. But a workman in Vienna may be respectably lodged, lighted, and washed for, at the rate of half-a-crown a week. In Berlin and Vienna married journeymen are to be met with, but not in great numbers, and in smaller towns they may almost be said to be unknown. Dr. Korth in his address to his young friends, the "travelling boys," on this subject, emphatically says—"Avoid, in God's name, all attachments to womankind, more especially to those of whom your hearts would say, 'these could I love.'" And then the quaint old gentleman proceeds to say a number of ungallant things, which are not worth translating.

No! the German workman is taught to hold himself free, that he may carry out the law of his land to the letter; that he may return from his travels at the appointed time "a wiser and a better man;" that he may show proofs of his acquired skill in his trade, and thereupon claim the master's right and position. He is then free to marry, and is looked upon as an "eligible party." But how seldom does all this come to pass, may the thousands who swarm in London and Paris, may the German colonies which dot the American States sufficiently tell. Many linger in large cities till they feel that to return to the little native vil-



lage, and its old, poor, plodding ways, would be little better than burial alive; and some return, wasted with foreign vice and purchased adversity, premature old men, to die upon the threshold of their early homes.

One more question—what are their amusements? It would be a long story to tell, but certainly home-reading is not a prominent enjoyment among them. German governments, as a rule, take care that the people's amusements shall not be interfered with. The workmen throng into dance-houses, beer cellars, cafés, and theatres, which are all liveliest and most attractive on a Sunday, and, as they are tolerably cheap, they are generally a successful lure from deep thinking or study. Besides, the German workman has no home. If he stay there at all in holiday hours, it is to draw, or model, or sing romances to the strumming of his guitar.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE YOUTH OF NAPOLEON.

The public acts of the life of Napoleon are universally known, and never to be forgotten. The transactions of his secret policy are preserved in the archives of every court in Europe, and must, sooner or later, be equally well known. As to the incidents of his private life, we find in the memoirs published by different persons attached to the person of the emperor, or written under his own eye at St. Helena, a multitude of anecdotes, more or less authentic, which give, up to a certain point, some insight into his character and habits. All these recollections, however, relate to the more brilliant epochs of his life, but scarcely, if at all, touch upon the history of his early youth; and up to a long time after his death, the world was still in ignorance of all that pertained to his mental training—to the formation of his intellectual powers. We were shown him in the full development of his genius; he was depicted as general, first consul, and emperor; and placed before us now in the imperial purple—now in his ocean prison. His course was traced for us from the moment when the eagle took his first flight upwards at Toulon, to that in which he was chained to the island rock; but we had not been told how those pinions were trained for such lofty soaring. Napoleon himself seemed to have been very reserved on this point, and, with the exception of a few college anecdotes, and some vague intimations, we were left, up to a very late period, with scarcely any light upon all that preceded his elevation, or could account for it.

And yet, what more interesting problem than the formation of such as Napoleon! How has he employed the years when he was only lieutenant of artillery!—how prepared for his high destiny! By what means were developed that extraordinary character—that marvellous intellect! Were those intellectual heights attained by one single spring of a genius submitting to no restraint, needing none of the ordinary aids! or was that genius directed by an iron will, and supported by that steady and persevering diligence which is its natural ally, and, in all its highest creations, its indispensable fellow-worker and inseparable companion!

But to these questions we have been left without an answer for twenty years after the death of Na-

poleon, when the want was supplied, and in the only way it could be supplied—when almost all those who knew anything of his childhood and early youth had gone to the grave—by himself.

It was during his consulship that the idea occurred to Napoleon, who, to use his own words at St. Helena, "saw himself already in history," of putting into safe keeping all the papers relating to his early youth. He placed them in a large official despatch-box, labelled "Correspondence with the First Consul;" and drawing his pen over these words he wrote, "To be forwarded to Cardinal Fesch." This box, corded and sealed with the cardinal's crest, passed through the empire, and the restoration, and through many hands, with the seal still unbroken, till about nine years ago, when for the first time it was opened, and the nature of its contents discovered.

These documents were divided into two classes; the first comprising the correspondence and the biographical details; and the second, some original compositions of Napoleon, with thoughts, notes, and passages, extracted from and suggested by different works. To give some idea of the number of those documents (all either autographs or copies, with corrections and annotations by the author), it is sufficient to say that without reckoning these copies, and a crowd of detached pieces, there were in this box thirty-eight common-place books wholly in Napoleon's own hand. The greater number of these books are dated, and contain all that he wrote, from the year 1786 to 1793. In them he seems to have found a vent for all the thoughts, opinions, and feelings, which his taciturn disposition and sombre gloom prevented his communicating to his companions. This gloom and reserve ought not to be matter of surprise; for he himself tells us, in a kind of biographical and chronological notice of his early life, that he left his home at nine years old, and did not return to Corsica till he was seventeen—an isolation, which, while it doubtless strengthened his character, must yet have tended to embitter it. It will not be uninteresting to note, that in all these papers we find no complaint of his poverty, though, in order to meet the educational expenses of his brother Louis, he was obliged to dress his own dinner.

It is not our intention to dwell upon the biographical notices; our object being to point attention to the numerous evidences of his arduous study and persevering diligence, affording a useful lesson which we would commend to the consideration of those who, feeling within them a certain excitement, regard it—and it may be justly—as the token of mental power, but forget that it is as surely an evidence of power needing the strengthening and discipline of order and systematic study; and who, therefore, require to be reminded that diligence and self-control are the crowning attributes of genius. Napoleon no more attained his greatness by fits and starts—of a genius however extraordinary—than he made his way over the Alps by a sudden flight. In both cases, the road was opened by labor, toil, and endurance.

His selection of works and his extracts from them are alike remarkable. First, we perceive a restless curiosity throwing itself into all subjects without any determinate object. He reads Buffon, occupies himself with natural history, natural philosophy, and medicine. He studies geography, ancient history, especially that of Greece. He cites Herodotus, Strabo, Diodorus Siculus; but, strange to say, the name of Plutarch, the teacher at whose feet so

many illustrious men have sat, and which has been so often said to have been Napoleon's favorite study, is not once mentioned. He next turned successively to the history of China, of India and Arabia, of England and Germany, and then applied himself to French History, first in a general view, and afterwards in detail. He examines the resources, the revenue, the legislation, of France, and studies carefully the rights of the Gallican Church; and the three books filled with notes, written at eighteen, on the subject of the Sorbonne and the bull Unigenitus, and the religion of the state, at once anticipate and account for the Concordat. His object seemed rather to gain a knowledge of historical facts than to form a system from them. He soon directs his attention to the moral sciences; engages in the study of political economy and legislation; reads Filangieri, Mably, Necker, Smith, and takes extracts, often interspersed with critical remarks. The independence of his character is displayed here as in all else. A single instance must suffice. None but a young man, and a young Frenchman too, especially of that day, can estimate the difficulty of resisting the influence of Rousseau's opinions. Yet, notwithstanding this universal and scarcely disputed ascendancy; notwithstanding his agreement in many points with the Citizen of Geneva, and his admiration for him, Napoleon was far from receiving all his doctrines. In an extract (dated Valence, August 8th, 1791) from the "Discourse on the Origin and Grounds of the Inequality of Men," the young Napoleon wrote at the end of each paragraph, "I do not think so;" "I do not believe a word of all this." We can almost see him snatching up the pen to make his dissent; and then, as if unable to endure the splendid sophistry, he thus writes on—"I do not believe that man has ever been an isolated being, without any desire for intercourse with his fellows, without affection, without feeling. . . . Why do we suppose that men in a state of nature, eat? Simply because there never was an instance of a man's existing in any other way. By parity of reasoning, I think that man in a state of nature has had the same faculties of reasoning, the same affections which he now has, and he must have used them, for we have no instance of the existence of man who has not used them. To feel is a want of the heart, as to eat is of the body. To feel is to attach ourselves—is to love. Man must know pity, friendship, and love; thence flow gratitude, veneration, respect. If it could have been otherwise, then the statement would be true, that feeling and reason are not inherent in man, but only the fruit of civilization—of society; then would there be no natural affection, no natural reason, no duty, no virtue, no conscience. No conscience! It is not the Citizen of Geneva who will tell us this!"

In this refutation, defective as it is in many respects, the fundamental vice of Rousseau's system is strongly and logically put. It needed to be a Napoleon to criticize so boldly the opinions of a writer who, in 1791, exercised such despotic and universal sway.

It is singular that, amid all this studying and copying, Napoleon never learned the grammar of the French language, nor even to spell correctly. His writing, it is well known, was almost illegible, and he was aware of it himself. Immediately after his accession to the imperial throne, a somewhat shabbily-dressed man gained access to him. "Who are you?" asked Napoleon. "Sire, I had

the honor of giving lessons in writing to your majesty for fifteen months." "Your pupil does you great credit," replied the emperor, quickly; "I cannot but congratulate you." And he gave him a pension. His writing, always hardly legible, soon became a complete short-hand, scarcely half the letters being given that properly belonged to the words. It is asserted that this was done designedly, to conceal his ignorance of orthography, which, as we have said, he could never learn.

There is but little trace of mathematical research, all remains of his studies in this way being limited to calculations for the artillery. All this regular and systematic course of reading had a definite object; nothing was done for mere amusement. Ariosto is the only work of imagination he seems to notice, and from which, strange to say, he has some extracts; though several scraps of not very good poetry, scattered through his common-place books, show that he sometimes liked to try his powers in the more flowery fields of literature. We have also a Corsican romance, entirely in his own handwriting, in which the dagger plays a very principal part; an English historic tale, called *The Earl of Essex*; and a short eastern story, entitled *The Masked Prophet*.

Amongst these papers are several harangues and speeches at popular meetings, and on deputations, the prospectus of the Calotte (a secret society in the army), and various political notes, in which Napoleon presents himself as an ardent and devoted republican. "The republicans," he says, in one of his speeches, "are reproached and calumniated; nay, it is even asserted that a republic is impossible in France." Further on is found the plan of a work on royalty. It is somewhat curious to see what Napoleon, then at Auxonne, thought of a monarchy on the 23d of October, 1788.

"*Dissertation on Kingly Government.*—This work is to begin with a general view of the origin of the name of king, and the progress of its prestige in the minds of men. A military government is favorable to it. The work will then enter into the details of the usurped authority enjoyed by kings in the twelve kingdoms of Europe. There are very few kings that had not deserved to be dethroned."

Of all the productions of Napoleon's youth, the best known is a *History of Corsica*, which he wished to have had published at Dole, and which was supposed to have been lost. Lucien Bonaparte, in his memoirs, thus expresses his regret for the loss of this work:—

"The names of Mirabeau and of Raynal bring me back to Napoleon. Napoleon, while at Ajaccio, during leave of absence (it was, I think, in 1790), had composed a history of Corsica; two copies of which I wrote, and the loss of which I much regret. One of these two MSS. was addressed to the Abbé Raynal, with whom my brother had become acquainted on his passage to Marseilles. Raynal thought the work so remarkable that he showed it to Mirabeau, who, when returning it, wrote to Raynal that this little history seemed to him an indication of genius of a first-rate order. Napoleon was enchanted at this opinion of the great orator. I have made many and vain attempts to recover these pieces, which were probably destroyed in the conflagration of our house by Paoli's troops."

Lucien was mistaken; the manuscript of this history was not destroyed—it is amongst the papers committed to Cardinal Fesch, and consists of three large books, not in Napoleon's own hand, but

with corrections and annotations by him. The history is in the form of letters addressed to the Abbé Raynal, and, beginning with the most remote period, terminates with the treaty of Coste between the Genoese and the Corsicans in the eighteenth century. The style is animated and fervid, and the whole breathes the most ardent love for Corsica. Indeed, there are many indications in the numerous documents on subjects connected with his native country, that Napoleon was then fully occupied with it, and with it only, and was preparing to play in it the part of Paoli.

It is as remarkable as little to be expected, that in writing this history, Napoleon did not confine himself to traditions more or less vague; but at a time when erudition was almost proscribed as antiquated stuff, incompatible with the march of intellect, he studied every document that could throw any light upon his subject, and not only cited his authorities, but collected the inedited documents to which he had referred for information. Many of these pieces are still annexed to the manuscript of *The History of Corsica*. This extraordinary man could do nothing by halves; all that he did was done in earnest. In the midst of the revolution, and in its rapid torrent of fluctuating opinions, he felt that history is not to be improvised, but it must be studied in original documents.

We must not enter into quotations, nor the moral questions connected with Napoleon's aims and objects, with the use or misuse of his energies, for we are now only dealing with the training by which he learned to concentrate them; and with the great lesson to be drawn from the fact that it was by strenuous perseverance and unwearied effort, under difficulties and impediments, that his mental powers were—we will not say created—but fostered and made effectual to the attainment of his aims and objects. Napoleon, as well as Michael Angelo, and Newton, and all possessed of true genius, had to submit to that law of human nature, which decrees that nothing great can be done without great effort. Of all the subjects of which he afterwards showed himself master, he was first the regular and diligent student. His clear ideas on legislation, on finance, and social organization, were not fruits of spontaneous growth, but the harvest reaped on the throne from the labors of the poor lieutenant of artillery. He owed his mental development to—that to which in every age every great and strong mind has owed it—industry, to solitary and patient vigil, to difficulty and misfortune. True it is, that the revolution opened to him a vast field, but had the revolution never occurred, Napoleon must have become distinguished, for characters such as his seize upon, but are never the slaves of, circumstances. When, after seven years spent in retirement, Napoleon made his first appearance on the world's stage, he had already within him the germs of his future greatness. Nothing was fortuitous with him. His was a perpetual struggle, and not always a successful one. His being at Toulon was owing to his never losing an opportunity of coming forward. Never did a new minister come into power without receiving a memorial from the young officer on the affairs of his native country; and never was any change in the military department of Corsica proposed, that Napoleon did not, at any risk, immediately repair thither. When unsuccessful in his object, he returned to Valence to think and to study; and these seven years of the youthful life of Napoleon are to us the noblest and greatest in that life

of prodigies; and are themselves sufficient to preclude his elevation being ascribed to fatality. And yet how often must the readers of the papers in that despatch-box have been struck with the most singular coincidences of facts and dates. For the first time was it then generally known that Napoleon, in 1791, was receiving a pension from the king, and that his brevet as captain was signed by Louis XVI.; and, as if the monarch before his fall intended to name his successor, it bears the date of *August 30th, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety Two*. In the geographical note-book in Napoleon's own hand, but unfinished, the last words are—and do they not contain the most extraordinary prediction?—

Sainte Helene, petite ile.

And there, indeed, the emperor was to close his Geography.

#### ENDURANCE.

If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small.—Prov. xxiv. 10.

FAINT not beneath thy burthen, though it seem  
Too heavy for thee, and thy strength is small;  
Though the fierce raging of the noontide beam  
On thy defenceless head untempered fall.

Though sad and heartsick with the weight of woe,  
That to the earth would crush thee—journey on;  
What though it be with faltering steps and slow,  
Thou wilt forget the toil when rest is won.

Nay! murmur not, because no kindred heart  
May share thy burthen with thee—but alone  
Still struggle bravely on, though all depart;  
Is it not said that "each must bear his own?"

All have not equally the power to bless;  
And of the many, few could cheer our lot;  
For "the heart knoweth its own bitterness,  
And with its joy a stranger meddeth not."

Then be not faithless, though thy soul be dark;  
Is not thy Master's seal upon thy brow?  
Oft has his presence saved thy sinking bark,  
And thinkest thou He will forsake thee now?

Hath he not bid thee cast on Him thy care,  
Saying He careth for thee? Then arise!  
And on thy path, if trod in faith and prayer,  
The thorns shall turn to flowers of Paradise.

PLACARDS FOR PLAIN DEALERS.—Even true Britons will, at election times, march about with placards, flags, and banners, charged with various mottoes and party-words; but with native common sense they will desire to make such demonstrational displays as little unmeaning and ridiculous as possible. A few hints towards rendering these exhibitions the more clearly and truthfully significant, will perhaps be acceptable. The Protectionists, therefore, particularly as they pride themselves on being a bluff, above-board party—should declare their objects explicitly by inscribing on their standards, "Rent and Taxes!" "Hounds!" "Horses!" "Yachting!" "Places under Government!" "Fat Livings!" "Commissions in the Army and Navy!" "Boxes at the Opera!" and so on, with the list of good things with which Corn Laws and such like statutes are calculated to endow the aristocracy; whilst the liberal party might blazon their colors with the specification of necessities and comforts procured for the people by the operation of Free Trade, as "Bread!" "Beef!" "Mutton!" "Veal!" "Ham!" "Sugar!" "Tea!" "Coffee!" "Tobacco!" "Sausages!" "Vinegar!" "Pepper!" "Hats!" "Coats!" "Trowsers!" "Shirts!" "Handkerchiefs!" whereunto might be added, "Boots and Shoes to the Rescue!"—Punch.

From the Spectator.

## WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER'S LIFE AND POETICAL REMAINS.\*

THE works of William Sidney Walker are not very distinctively known, yet they are better known than his name. A scholar, a critic, a poet, and a prose writer, he threw away opportunities of successes and frittered away life in fugitive pursuits; the victim, as is perhaps generally the case, of some physical deficiency, which with Walker terminated in a sort of monomania. He was born in 1795; and by the efforts of his mother, after his father's death through wounds received in a gallant action in the Weser, was educated at Eton. From school he went to Cambridge, with (his mother says she thinks) two scholarships; and he finally became a Fellow of Trinity. At the age of seventeen he published, by subscription, part of an epic on the subject of *Gustavus Vasa*; which, precocious but puerile, disappointed the hopes of his friends. He was a Quarterly Reviewer in his teens, a frequent contributor to *The Classical Journal* and other periodicals; and he has left behind him writings of a critical and poetical character; but the work by which his mere name is known to the world was a single volume collection of the Latin poets, which he edited for Mr. Charles Knight, under the title of *Corpus Poetarum Latinorum*.

The remote cause of Walker's want of more distinct and substantive success in literature and life was, doubtless, some peculiarity of nervous organization. The immediate causes were more tangible. His personal appearance was very unprepossessing. His stature was diminutive, his gait awkward, his address uncouth; his manners were eccentric, conveying to strangers the impression of insanity or idiocy; he was perceptibly shortsighted, slovenly in dress, and negligent in his person. These peculiarities exposed him to persecution at Eton; which he resisted with all his precocious power of sarcasm; so that a temper naturally sweet was soured at the outset. Although, according to his friend and biographer Mr. Moultrie, he was so little fitted to gain the love of woman, his "yearnings for the married life were intense and soul-consuming." He had another failing, which still more unfitted him for married life than his personal deficiencies; he was always in debt—though how, or what for, nobody could tell, since the income of his fellowship combined with his literary earnings seemed quite sufficient for his simple tastes and the assistance he rendered his family. His certain income, however, was lost soon after he was thirty, by conscientious scruples. The rules of Trinity only allow a fellowship to be held by a layman for a certain time; and Walker's religious unbelief, whatever it was, forbade his taking orders. Read with the key of his life, an epistle to Derwent Coleridge about this period (1829) is very remarkable, for the depth and variety of wretchedness it exhibits, expressed in a tone so calm that but for this key it would be hardly apprehended. A letter to Præd, when debts, despair, and the delusion of his monomania—the notion that he was ever attended by a demon, who controlled his thoughts and actions—

were pressing heavily upon him, is more curious. The account of Præd's generosity contains besides the pith of Walker's subsequent biography.

TO W. M. PRÆD, ESQ.

Mrs. Perry's, Trumpington Street, Jan. 30, 1830.

My dear Præd,—I had long fluctuated between writing and not writing; it appearing fit, on the one hand, that I should tell you somewhat of my adventures since our last parting, while, on the other, there was the difficulty, indeed latterly the impracticability, of writing; for I have tried fifty times in vain; but the last few days have brought with them a most compelling motive. I write partly to ask your assistance, and partly to communicate that of which the communication itself may be to me an important relief.

To be brief: on the expiration of my fellowship I took lodgings, made various endeavors to obtain employment, and, failing, sunk under the burden of ill-health and continued anxiety, and, for the first time in my life, abandoned the attempt to help myself. If you knew all that I have had to struggle with, I think you would not blame me. This continued till Christmas; my dividend was received and paid away; and I now find myself three hundred pounds in debt to the Cambridge tradesmen, without any means of paying them. I have put them off from week to week, except one, to whom, as his debt was much older than any of the others, I unwarily gave a bill for forty pounds, which sum I thought I could by some means or other acquire in the interim; but my expected resources have failed (*e. g.*, the *Classical Journal* is stopped), the bill is due Feb. 5th or 6th at farthest, and I am obliged to ask—if you can afford it—the loan of twenty or twenty-five pounds, if you have it; which, if no other means offer, I will repay you in the coin of verses—that is, supposing you can find a purchaser for such commodities.

You will doubtless be startled by what I have now to communicate. But you must remember that I have been oppressed for years with bodily pain and manifold suffering, and this without those supports by means of which men are wont to support these evils—health, friendly society, religious consolation; and you will not wonder, though your kindness will be pained, to hear that for the last few days I have experienced a slight disorder of the faculties. I cannot easily describe it, except by saying that I cannot command my thoughts as I could before; that the images which enter my mind seem to take possession of it against my will; that I feel as if pressed by a weight, under which my reason cannot work quite perfectly. But I will not try to define it. I have had power to mention it to one friend, and through him to a medical man, under whom I now am. I endeavor to keep myself tolerably tranquil; but the thought will recur at times, and the fear—will this be for life? It may be that it is removable, and that by proper care it may be prevented from recurring. God grant that it may be so! Pray write to me soon; but that I need not ask, if this finds you in town. With regard to other matters, I speak deliberately, and from long experience, when I say that I do not think I can work to any purpose, or employ the faculties which were given me, till my bodily disorders are in some measure cured. That I have a certain propensity to indolence and self-indulgence, is too true to be denied; I fear a strong one; but it is no less certain that my friends have often mistaken the effects of downright pain and suffering for those of wilful negligence; and this prepossession has caused them to mistake my words, my motives, and discouraged me from seeking their advice and assistance. O my good friend! it is the consciousness of this—it is this endless, hopeless misunderstanding—this separation from society—that has made me what I am. Other causes have conspired; but other causes would not have wrought the effect without this. It is thus that, with as many and

\* The Poetical Remains of William Sidney Walker, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Edited, with a Memoir of the Author, by the Reverend J. Moultrie, M. A., Rector of Rugby. Published by Parker and Son, London: Crossley and Billington, Rugby.



as true well-wishers as ever man had, I have lived a life of misery for years, and am now—no matter what. Could I, however, put off the evil day of account for some time, my plan would be to leave Cambridge, and by means of society, change of place and change of habits, try to recover my health, so far as it is recoverable; and, having done this, engage once more in such employment as I can obtain. I know not what you will think of all this. Believe me, that I have not sunk to my present state without much and severe struggling. Malden has been, I need scarcely say, a good friend to me, as far as he knew how. Mrs. Malden is confined to her room, and has been so for some months, but her health is improving.

Yours truly,

W. S. WALKER.

The pressure of Walker's necessities had in this instance instinctively directed him to the surest source of earthly aid. Praed instantly acted as all who knew him would have anticipated that he would act. Not only did he relieve his unhappy friend's immediate wants, but, with all the zealous and indefatigable activity of his noble nature, he set on foot and vigorously prosecuted a scheme to provide for his future support. It was hoped that by the contributions of his Eton and Cambridge friends, a sufficient sum might be raised, not only to liquidate his debts, but to purchase a comfortable annuity for him during the remainder of his life. The scheme succeeded only in part. The debts were paid; but, when that was done, only about 300*l.* remained in hand, a sum obviously insufficient to provide by means of annuity for a man little more than thirty years of age. In this conjuncture Praed's conduct was worthy of himself. Depositing with his banker the poor remaining three hundred pounds, he engaged to allow Walker, during life, the sum of 52*l.* a year, securing the same to him by will in case of his own death, and (Praed-like) dissembling the generosity of the gift under the pretence that Walker's life was a precarious one, and that he had therefore probably made a good bargain. With so adroit a dexterity, indeed, did he confer the kindness, that his simple-minded friend seems never to have suspected its existence, and, until undeceived at a later period by a third party, apparently believed that so far from receiving he had himself conferred an obligation. Eventually he survived his benefactor seven years; experiencing to the last, at the hands of his widow, a continuance of the systematic kindness which he had received from her lamented husband, and which she still maintains towards his own relations. To the annuity allowed him by Praed was added a grant of 20*l.* per annum from Trinity College. On this income, with occasional assistance from other friends, he subsisted till his death; for though he was almost incessantly occupied in a series of critical and philological researches, and from time to time produced a sonnet or fragment of a poem, he never could be induced to turn any of his labors to pecuniary account, or to contribute in any way, directly or indirectly, to his own support.

Walker lived for sixteen years after the arrangement of the annuity; dying in 1846. When he felt inclined, he paid welcome visits to Praed, to Arnold, and some other men of mark; though he must have been a troublesome inmate, or even casual visitant. The rest of his life was passed in obscure lodgings in London, either in morbid idleness or in critical and philological speculations. "It is painful to dwell on the recollection of his later years," says Mr. Moultrie. "During the course of them the author of this memoir had repeated opportunities of visiting him in London, and at each succeeding visit found his condition both in mind and body deteriorated; his lodgings more squalid, and his person more neglected." In 1846 a gleam of hope seemed to break upon his

prospects. One of the members of the great iron-house of Crawshay had known Walker at Cambridge, and was pleased, as Walker himself said, "to consider me as having contributed to the formation of his mind, and conceived a high opinion of me as a man of genius." They lost sight of each other for some years; but when they again communicated, Mr. Crawshay made a proposal which would have rendered Walker as comfortable as in his state he probably could have been made; but before the arrangement could be carried out, death released him from all his troubles. Mr. Crawshay, however, continued the spirit of his engagements; he paid poor Walker's debts; it is probably owing to him that the present volume has appeared; and, says Mr. Moultrie, if Walker's "voluminous critical writings shall ever take that place in English literature to which the author himself considered them entitled, this will be owing in no small degree to the pecuniary aid most liberally contributed by the same gentleman."

The Poetical Remains attached to the Memoir consist of original pieces, with a few selections that have already been published. Some of them are diffuse, with a scholastic kind of commonplace in treatment; most of them are deficient in theme, wanting largeness or popular interest of subject; but they contain convincing evidence of poetical ability. Amid lines of mediocre excellence, and on themes peculiar or hackneyed, are found thoughts of that depth and largeness which separate poetry from prose; while common topics are handled with an individuality which gives them personal interest, and a breadth that constitutes a type. The poem called "Wandering Thoughts" is in part relating to Walker himself; but he well digresses to a more tangible, and from its nature a grief of wider sympathy.

O Theocrine! the spring returns again,  
The heavenly spring, and joy is over all:  
The deep thick grass is wet with sunny rain,  
Whose pattering drops like low soft music fall  
On the wood-wanderer's ear; the wild-bird's call  
Thrills the young listener's heart like æry wine;  
On sloping banks, and under hedgerows tall,  
The primrose lights her star; one spirit divine  
Fills heaven, and earth, and sea, gladdening all  
Hearts but mine.

—Of this no more; a voice, as of the tomb,  
Is heard—a long slow knell from yonder tower,  
Telling of one cut off by sudden doom  
In womanhood's full morn, and beauty's flower,  
Even on the verge of the glad nuptial hour;  
Leaving no record, save a portraiture  
By artist memory hung in friendship's bower,  
And hauntings of remembrance, deep and pure,  
In a few faithful hearts, scatter'd o'er earth's  
obscure.

Thou walkest yet on earth, fair Theocrine,  
And earth's mysterious influences convey  
Nurture to thy soft frame, and spirit fine;  
But she, for whom they grieve, hath cast away  
Her fleshly robes, the dress of her brief day,  
And laid her down in an eternal bed;  
She hath no portion in life's work or play,  
Its changes or its cares; her doom is said.  
The lily blooms on earth; the rose is gathered.

O Stella! golden star of youth and love!  
In thy soft name the voice of other years  
Seems sounding; each green court and arched  
grove,  
Where hand in hand we walked, again appears

Called by the spell : the very clouds and tears  
O'er which thy dawning lamp its splendor darted  
Gleam bright ; and they are there, my youthful  
peers,

The lofty-minded and the gentle-hearted,  
The beauty of the earth, the light of days departed :

All, all return ; and with them comes a throng  
Of withered hopes, and loves made desolate,  
And high resolves, cherished in silence long,  
Yea, struggling still beneath the incumbent  
weight

Of spirit-quelling time and adverse fate.  
These only live ; all else have passed away  
To Memory's spectre-land ; and she who sate  
'Mid that bright choir so bright, is now as they—  
A morning dream of life, dissolving with the day.

A "Hymn to Freedom" is a common subject,  
and part of Walker's is common too ; but these  
lines have sense and freshness.

To thee our willing thanks we raise,  
For sacred hearths, for fearless days ;  
The cultured field, the crowded mart,  
Each guardian law, each graceful art.

But thy chief seat, thy place of rest,  
Is in man's deep-recessed breast ;  
Thy chosen task, to call to light  
Its unseen loveliness and might.

At thy approach, the startled mind  
Quakes, as before some stirring wind,  
And with glad pain sets wide her door  
To the celestial visitor.

And chased before thy presence pure  
Fly sinful creeds, and fears obscure ;  
And flowers of hope before thee bloom,  
And new-born wisdom spreads its plume.

The following stanzas, from a poem "To a Girl  
in her Thirteenth Year," have grace and felicity  
as well as philosophy.

Thy steps are dancing toward the bound  
Between the child and woman ;  
And thoughts and feelings more profound,  
And other years, are coming :  
And thou shalt be more deeply fair,  
More precious to the heart ;  
But never canst thou be again  
That lovely thing thou art !

And youth shall pass, with all the brood  
Of fancy-fed affection ;  
And grief shall come with womanhood,  
And waken cold reflection ;  
Thou 'lt learn to toil and watch, and weep  
O'er pleasures unreturning,  
Like one who wakes from pleasant sleep  
Unto the cares of morning.

—Nay, say not so ! nor cloud the sun  
Of joyous expectation,  
Ordained to bless the little one,  
The freshling of creation !  
Nor doubt that He, who thus doth feed  
Her early lamp with gladness,  
Will be her present help in need,  
Her comforter in sadness.

Smile on, then, little winsome thing !  
All rich in Nature's treasure ;  
Thou hast within thy heart a spring  
Of self-renewing pleasure.  
Smile on, fair child, and take thy fill  
Of mirth, till time shall end it :  
'Tis Nature's wise and gentle will,  
And who shall reprehend it ?

In the selection of the poetry Mr. Moultrie has apparently exercised a sound discretion, though he has admitted some fragments which are too curt and unfinished for publication. This error of over-doing, so natural to fall into, is also visible in the earlier part of the memoir, where letters of a trivial character may be found. On the whole, however, the volume is a creditable testimony of his judgment, good feeling, and biographical powers. With a difficult subject to handle, he appears to have exhibited no false delicacy ; while he has treated the peculiarities and failings of poor Walker with kindness, yet with plainness.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### THE LITERATURE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE Imperial Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland, in addition to its other varied and important functions, fulfils, through one of its branches, that of a great national book manufactory. Every session, the House of Commons issues a whole library of valuable works, containing information of the most ample and searching kind on subjects of a very miscellaneous character. These are the Blue-books, of which everybody has heard ; many jokes are extant as to their imposing bulk and great weight, literally and figuratively ; and a generation eminently addicted to light reading, may well look with horror on these thick and closely printed folios. But, in truth, they are not for the mere reader ; they are for the historian, and student of any given subject ; they are store-houses of material, not digested treatises. True it is, that their great size sometimes defeats its object—the valuable portion of the material is sometimes buried under the comparatively worthless heap that surrounds it—the golden grains lost amid the chaff. But in a case of this kind, the error of redundancy is one on the safe side ; let a subject in all its bearings be thoroughly and fully brought up, and it is the fault or failing of him who sets about the study of it, if he is appalled at the amount of information on which he has to work, or cannot discriminate and seize upon the salient points, or on those which are necessary for his own special purposes.

Few persons, we believe, who have not had occasion to consult these parliamentary volumes in a systematic manner, are at all aware of the immense labor that is bestowed upon them, and the care and completeness with which they are compiled and arranged. Indeed, we dare say few readers have any accurate notions of the actual number of parliamentary papers annually issued, or of the nature of their contents. From even a very cursory examination of the literary result of a parliamentary session, the previously uninformed investigator could not fail to rise with a greatly augmented estimate of the functions of the great ruling body of the state—the guarding and directing power in the multitudinous affairs of the British Empire—an empire that extends over every possible variety of country and climate, and includes under its powerful, yet mild and beneficent sway, tribes of every color of skin, and of every shade of religious belief. Such a survey, in fact, tends to impress one more fully and immediately than could well be fancied, with the magnitude of the business of the British legislature, and the consequent weighty responsibilities imposed upon its members. But, great as the burden is, it is

distributed over so many shoulders, that it appears to press heavily, and really does so, only on a few who support it at the more trying points.

The session 1851 is the latest of whose labors, as they appear in the form of parliamentary records, an account can be given. By the admirable system of arrangement we have referred to, each parliamentary "paper," whether it issues in the shape of a bulky Blue-book—that is to say, as a thick, stitched folio volume, in a dark blue cover—or as a mere "paper"—an uncovered folio of a single sheet of two or four pages, or several stitched together, but not attaining the dignity of the blue cover—is marked as belonging to a certain class; and when the issue of the session is complete, a full set of "Titles, Contents, and Indexes" to the whole is supplied, so that they can be classified and bound up in good order with the utmost ease and celerity. The *Titles, Contents, and Indexes to the Sessional Printed Papers of Session 1851* are at present before us, in the shape of a folio Blue-book about an inch and a half thick, from which we think we may pick some facts of interest.

It must be premised, that the session 1851 was considered by politicians a peculiarly barren and unfruitful one, as the Great Exhibition, in conjunction with ministerial difficulties, and the monster debates on the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill, tended greatly to impede the ordinary business of the Houses, and gave an air of tedium and languor to the whole proceedings. Nevertheless, the papers for the year amount to no less than sixty volumes! Of these, the first six contain Public Bills. A bill, as most of our readers must be aware, is a measure submitted to the consideration of Parliament with the view of its being adopted into the legal code of the country, for which it must receive the sanction of both houses and the assent of the crown. When a bill has "passed" through the Lords and Commons, and received the royal assent, it becomes an "act"—that is, a law. A bill, in passing through the houses, is subjected to numerous amendments and alterations in form, and is often printed, for the use of members and other parties interested, three or four times after such alterations, before it comes forth in its final and permanent form as an act. Thus, the famous Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill is to be found in three several shapes among the bills before it reappears for the fourth time as an act. Again, the word "public" prefixed to these six volumes of bills, reminds us of the vast amount of business that comes before Parliament and its committees in the shape of "private" bills, of which no record appears here. These are bills of special and individual application, such as when a public company seeks an act of incorporation, the possessor of an entailed estate desires to sell a portion of ground, a railway director asks for powers of various kinds, and so on.

An examination of the contents of these six volumes would show how many and diverse are the subjects that turn up in Parliament in the course of a single and brief session; but to enter on it satisfactorily would require a great amount of space, and might, after all, be more tedious than profitable. A glance at those actually passed may suffice. These were 106 in number; the first is, "An act to amend the Passengers' Act of 1849;" and the hundred and sixth, "An act to appoint Commissioners to inquire into the existence of bribery in St. Albans." Besides the acts of an

ordinary or routine character, we find the following among the subjects legislated on:—The Marine Forces, Leases for Mills in Ireland, Protection of Original Designs, the Protection of Servants and Apprentices, the Sale of Arsenic, Highways in Wales, Sites for Schools, Herring-Fishery, Prisons in Scotland, Common Lodging-Houses, Window and House Duties, Marriages in India, Ecclesiastical Titles, Smithfield Market, Settlement of the Boundaries of Canada and New Brunswick, Highland Roads and Bridges, Gunpowder Magazine at Liverpool, Management of the Insane in India, Lands in New Zealand, Representative Peers of Scotland, Emigration, Law of Evidence, Criminal Justice, &c.

Following the six volumes of bills, are fifteen volumes of *Reports from Committees*, which are again succeeded by nine volumes of *Reports from Commissioners*. These two sections of the literature of Parliament form vast stores of material on an immense number of subjects, into which he who digs laboriously is sure to be rewarded in the end. They contain great masses of "evidence," extracted by the examinations of committees and commissioners from the parties believed to be best qualified to give correct and full information on the various subjects on which they are examined, and these opinions are supported by facts and authentic statements and statistics, invaluable to the investigator. The first volume of last year's Reports from Committees opens with that on the Edinburgh Annuity Tax, the fifteenth contains that on Steam Communications with India. There are four volumes on Customs, two on Ceylon, one on Church-rates, one on the Caffre Tribes, one on Newspaper Stamps, &c.; while other volumes contain Reports on the Property Tax, the Militia, the Ordnance Survey, Public Libraries, Law of Partnership, &c. From commissioners, we have Reports on Fisheries, Emigration, National Gallery, Public Records, Board of Health, Factories, Furnaces, Mines and Collieries, Education, Maynooth College, Prisons, Public Works, &c.

The fourth section of these parliamentary papers for 1851 amounts to thirty volumes, and consists of *Accounts and Papers*. It is in these that the statistic finds inexhaustible wealth of material, long columns of figures with large totals, tables of the most complicated yet the clearest construction, containing a multiplicity of details bearing on the riches and resources of the empire in its most general and most minute particulars. Thus the first volume relates to "Finance," and includes the accounts of the Public Income and Expenditure, Public and National Debt, Income Tax, Public works, and a vast variety of other subjects. The second volume is made up of the "Estimates" for the Army, Navy, Ordnance, and "Civil Services," which includes Public Works, Public Salaries, Law and Justice, Education, Colonial and Consular Services, &c. The third volume is filled with Army and Navy Accounts and Returns. The next six volumes refer to the colonies, and consist of Accounts, Dispatches, and Correspondence. The tenth is occupied with the subject of Emigration; and the eleventh with the Government of our Eastern Empire in all its vast machinery and complicated relations. The remaining volumes—for space would fail us to enumerate them in detail—treat of such subjects as the Census, Education, Convict Discipline, Poor, Post Office, Railways, Shipping, Quarantine, Trade and Navigation Returns, Revenue, Population and Commerce, Piracy, the Slave

Trade, and Treaties and Conventions with Foreign States. Last of all, as volume sixty of the set, we have the *Numerical List and General Index*, itself a goodly tome of nearly 200 pages, compiled with immense care, and arranged so perspicuously as to afford the utmost facilities for reference.

These papers, as we have said, differ greatly in size. Some consist of but a single page, others swell up to volumes two or three inches thick, and of perhaps 2000 pages. As to the contents, the majority display a mixture of letterpress with tabular matter; and, while some are wholly letterpress, others present an alarming and endless array of figures—filing along, page after page, in irresistible battalions. In many, valuable maps and plans are incorporated, with occasional designs for public works, &c.

Besides these returns and papers of permanent value, there are daily issued during the session programmes of the business of the day, entitled *Votes and Proceedings*, and containing a list of the subjects, the motions, petitions, bills, &c., that are to be brought before the House, according to "the orders of the day." These, and all the other papers issued by Parliament, may be obtained regularly through "all the booksellers," by any person desiring to have them. Their prices are fixed; and, in the case of the larger papers, the price is printed on the back of each. Copies of bills and returns may be had separately, on payment of these affixed prices; and, indeed, few parties require complete sets. Some public libraries take them, as do most of the London and one or two provincial newspapers, by which the gentlemen of the press are enabled to compile the numerous articles and paragraphs with which all newspaper readers are familiar, and which usually begin: "By a return just issued, we learn," &c.; or, "From a parliamentary paper, recently printed, it appears," &c. The public is often considerably indebted to the labors of newspaper men in regard to these papers, for the exigence of space, and the necessity of beating everything into a readable shape, require them to condense the voluminous details of the returns; and their sum and substance is thus given without any encumbering extraneous matter.

The cost of complete series of the papers varies from session to session, according to the number issued, ranging usually about 12*l.* or 14*l.*

From Household Words.

#### "WHO MURDERED DOWNIE?"

ABOUT the end of the eighteenth century, whenever any student of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, incurred the displeasure of the humbler citizens, he was assailed with the question, "Who murdered Downie?" Reply and rejoinder generally brought on a collision between "town and gown;" although the young gentlemen were accused of what was chronologically impossible. People have a right to be angry at being stigmatized as murderers, when their accusers have probability on their side; but the "taking off" of Downie occurred when the gowmsmen, so maligned, were in swaddling clothes.

But there was a time, when to be branded as an accomplice in the slaughter of Richard Downie, made the blood run to the cheek of many a youth, and sent him home to his books, thoughtful and subdued. Downie was sacrist or janitor at Marischal College. One of his duties consisted in secur-

ing the gate by a certain hour; previous to which all the students had to assemble in the common hall, where a Latin prayer was delivered by the principal. Whether, in discharging this function, Downie was more rigid than his predecessor in office, or whether he became stricter in the performance of it at one time than another, cannot now be ascertained; but there can be no doubt that he closed the gate with austere punctuality, and that those who were not in the common hall within a minute of the prescribed time, were shut out, and were afterwards reprimanded and fined by the principal and professors. The students became irritated at this strictness, and took every petty means of annoying the sacrist; he, in his turn, applied the screw at other points of academic routine, and a fierce war soon began to rage between the collegians and the humble functionary. Downie took care that in all his proceedings he kept within the strict letter of the law; but his opponents were not so careful, and the decisions of the rulers were uniformly against them, and in favor of Downie. Reprimands and fines having failed in producing due subordination, rustication, suspension, and even the extreme sentence of expulsion, had to be put in force; and, in the end, law and order prevailed. But a secret and deadly grudge continued to be entertained against Downie. Various schemes of revenge were thought of.

Downie was, in common with teachers and taught, enjoying the leisure of the short New Year's vacation—the pleasure being no doubt greatly enhanced by the annoyances to which he had been subjected during the recent bickerings—when, as he was one evening seated with his family in his official residence at the gate, a messenger informed him that a gentleman at the neighboring hotel wished to speak with him. Downie obeyed the summons, and was ushered from one room into another, till at length he found himself in a large apartment hung with black, and lighted by a solitary candle. After waiting for some time in this strange place, about fifty figures, also dressed in black, and with black masks on their faces, presented themselves. They arranged themselves in the form of a Court, and Downie, pale with terror, was given to understand that he was about to be put on his trial.

A judge took his seat on the bench; a clerk and public prosecutor sat below; a jury was empanelled in front; and witnesses and spectators stood around. Downie at first set down the whole affair as a joke; but the proceedings were conducted with such persistent gravity, that, in spite of himself, he began to believe in the genuine mission of the awful tribunal. The clerk read an indictment, charging him with conspiring against the liberties of the students; witnesses were examined in due form, the public prosecutor addressed the jury; and the judge summed up.

"Gentlemen," said Downie, "the joke has been carried far enough—it is getting late, and my wife and family will be getting anxious about me. If I have been too strict with you in time past, I am sorry for it, and I assure you I will take more care in future."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, without paying the slightest attention to this appeal, "consider your verdict; and, if you wish to retire, do so."

The jury retired. During their absence the most profound silence was observed; and, except renewing the solitary candle that burnt beside



the judge, there was not the slightest movement.

The jury returned and recorded a verdict of GUILTY.

The judge solemnly assumed a huge black cap, and addressed the prisoner.

"Richard Downie! The jury have unanimously found you guilty of conspiring against the just liberty and immunities of the students of Marischal College. You have wantonly provoked and insulted those inoffensive lieges for some months, and your punishment will assuredly be condign. You must prepare for death. In fifteen minutes the sentence of the court will be carried into effect."

The judge placed his watch on the bench. A block, an axe, and a bag of sawdust were brought into the centre of the room. A figure more terrible than any that had yet appeared came forward, and prepared to act the part of doomsday.

It was now past midnight; there was no sound audible save the ominous ticking of the judge's watch. Downie became more and more alarmed.

"For any sake, gentlemen," said the terrified man, "let me go home. I promise that you never again shall have cause for complaint."

"Richard Downie," remarked the judge, "you are vainly wasting the few moments that are left you on earth. You are in the hands of those who must have your life. No human power can save you. Attempt to utter one cry, and you are seized, and your doom completed before you can utter another. Every one here present has sworn a solemn oath never to reveal the proceedings of this night; they are known to none but ourselves; and when the object for which we have met is accomplished, we shall disperse unknown to any one. Prepare, then, for death; other five minutes will be allowed, but no more."

The unfortunate man, in an agony of deadly terror, raved and shrieked for mercy; but the avengers paid no heed to his cries. His fevered, trembling lips then moved as if in silent prayer; for he felt that the brief space between him and eternity was but as a few more tickings of that ominous watch.

"Now!" exclaimed the judge.

Four persons stepped forward and seized Downie, on whose features a cold clammy sweat had burst forth. They bared his neck, and made him kneel before the block.

"Strike!" exclaimed the judge.

The executioner struck the axe on the floor; an assistant on the opposite side lifted at the same moment a wet towel, and struck it across the neck of the recumbent criminal. A loud laugh announced that the joke had at last come to an end.

But Downie responded not to the uproarious merriment—they laughed again—but still he moved not—they lifted him, and Downie was dead!

Fright had killed him as effectually as if the axe of a real headsman had severed his head from his body.

It was a tragedy to all. The medical students tried to open a vein, but all was over; and the conspirators had now to bethink themselves of safety. They now in reality swore an oath among themselves; and the affrighted young men, carrying their disguises with them, left the body of Downie lying in the hotel. One of their number told the landlord that their entertainment was not yet quite over, and that they did not wish the individual that was left in the room to be disturbed

for some hours. This was to give them all time to make their escape.

Next morning the body was found. Judicial inquiry was instituted, but no satisfactory result could be arrived at. The corpse of poor Downie exhibited no mark of violence internal or external. The ill-will between him and the students was known; it was also known that the students had hired apartments in the hotel for a theatrical representation—that Downie had been sent for by them; but beyond this, nothing was known. No noise had been heard, and no proof of murder could be adduced. Of two hundred students at the college, who could point out the guilty or suspected fifty? Moreover, the students were scattered over the city, and the magistrates themselves had many of their own families amongst the number, and it was not desirable to go into the affair too minutely. Downie's widow and family were provided for—and his slaughter remained a mystery; until, about fifteen years after its occurrence, a gentleman on his death-bed disclosed the whole particulars, and avowed himself to have belonged to the obnoxious class of students who murdered Downie.

From Household Words.

## A HOUSEHOLD WORD

TO MY COUSIN HELEN.

PLEASANT are thine eyes, dear Helen,  
Sunny, soft, and kind;  
Of a true warm heart the token,  
And a quiet mind.  
Few have seen their looks of welcome,  
Few thy hearth hath known,  
Round thee dwelling, sisters, kindred,  
All thou callest "*thine own*."  
Cherished yet—a scarce-fledged nestling—  
By the Parent Dove,  
Still thy soft glance, where it falleth,  
Meeteth love for love!  
But when thou shalt pass the portals  
Of thy childish years,  
When the narrow circle widens  
Of thy hopes and fears,  
When great crowds of alien faces  
Those sweet eyes shall see,  
When "the World" shall greet thee, Helen,  
Then, how shall it be?

As the Sun, at early morning,  
Sees the leaden streams  
Glisten with a tender radiance  
Borrowed from his beams;—  
As the Moon, at midnight shining  
On the sad gray waves—  
Sees her own smile onward creeping  
To the dark sea-caves;  
As an Angel's presence lighteth  
Dull and common ground;—  
So the spirit of thy childhood  
Still shall linger round  
When thy untried steps shall wander  
Forth from HOME's calm roof;  
Goodness shall be there to guide thee,  
Evil, stand aloof.  
Still those eyes shall keep their sunshine  
Free from crime or care,  
Still be gently raised to Heaven  
Full of love and prayer;  
And the coldest, the most worldly,  
Pronest to condemn,  
Can but look upon thee kindly—  
As thou lookest on them!

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

## GOSSIP ABOUT GREAT MEN.

ONE cannot help taking an interest in great men. Even their pettiest foibles—their most ordinary actions their by-play—their jokes—are eagerly commemorated. Their haunts—their homes—the apartments in which they have studied—their style of dress—and, above all, their familiar conversation, are treasured up in books, and fascinate all readers. Trifles help to decipher the character of a man, often more than his greatest actions. What is a man's daily life—his private conversation—his familiar deportment? These, though they make but a small figure in his history, are often the most characteristic and genuine things in a man's life.

With what interest do we think of blind, glorious, John Milton, when writing *Paradise Lost*, sitting at "the old organ behind the faded green hangings," his dimmed eyes rolling in vain to find the day; of Richardson, in his back-shop, writing *Pamela*; of Cowper and his tame hares; of Byron and Newstead Abbey; of Burns in his humble cottage home; of Voltaire, in his retreat of Ferney by the shores of Lake Lemane; of Sir Walter Scott, in his study at Abbotsford; of Dr. Johnson, in his retreat in Bolt Clove; of Shakespeare, and the woods of Charlecote; of Pope, and his house at Twickenham; of Swift, and his living at Laracor. We are never tired of reading of such things, identified as they are with genius, and consecrated by their association with the names of great men.

We take an interest in even smaller things. Everybody remembers Goldsmith's bloom-colored coat; George Fox's "leathern hull;" Milton's garb of coarse gray; Magliabecchi's great brown vest down to his knees, his broad-brimmed hat and patched black mantle, and his cravat full of snuff-droppings; Pope's velvet cap, eye-wig, and sword; and Buffon, with his hair in curl papers while sitting at his desk. We curiously remember Oliver Cromwell's warts; Wilkes' squint; Scott's limp; Byron's club foot; Pope's little crooked figure, like a note of interrogation; Johnson's rotundity and rheum; Charles Lamb's spindle-shanks in gaiters; and all manner of personal peculiarities of distinguished men.

The appetites, tastes, idiosyncrasies, prejudices, foibles, and follies of great men, are well known. Perhaps we think too much of them; but we take interest in all that concerns them, even the pettiest details. It is often these that give an interest to their written life. What were Boswell's *Johnson*, that best of biographies, were it wanting in its gossip and small talk?

An interesting chapter might be written about the weaknesses of great men. For instance, they have been very notorious for their strange fits of abstraction. The anecdotes of Archimedes will be remembered, who rushed through the streets of Syracuse *al fresco*, crying, *Eureka!* and, at the taking of the city, was killed by a soldier, while tracing geometrical lines on sand. Socrates, when filled with some idea, would stand for hours fixed like a statue. It is recorded of him that he stood amidst the soldiers in the camp at Potidea, in rooted abstraction, listening to his "prophetic or supernatural voice." Democritus shut himself up for days together in a little apartment in his garden. Dante was subject to fits of abstraction, in which he often quite forgot himself. One day, he found an interesting book, which he had long sought for, in a druggist's shop at Sienna, and sat reading there till night came on.

Bude, whom Erasmus called the wonder of France, was a thoroughly absent man. One day his domestics broke into his study with the intelligence that his house was on fire. "Go inform my wife," said he; "you know I do not interfere in household affairs!" Scaliger only slept for a few hours at a time, and

passed whole days without thinking of food. Sully, when his mind was occupied with plans of reform, displayed extraordinary fits of forgetfulness. One day, in winter, when on his way to church, he observed, "How very cold it is to-day!" "Not more cold than usual," said one of his attendants. "Then I must have the ague," said Sully. "Is it not more probable that you are too scantily dressed?" he was asked. On lifting his tunic the secret was at once discovered. He had forgotten all his under clothing but his breeches!

Mrs. Bray tells a somewhat familiar story of the painter Stothard. When invited on one occasion to dine with the poet Rogers, on reaching the house in St. James' Place, he complained of cold, and, chancing to place his hand on his neck, he found he had forgotten to put on his cravat, when he hastily returned home to complete his attire.

Buffon was very fond of dress. He assumed the air of the grand seigneur; sported jewels and finery; wore rich lace and velvets; and was curled and scented to excess—wearing his hair *en papillote* while at his studies. Pope, too, was a little dandy in a bag-wig and a sword; and his crooked figure enveloped in fashionable garments gave him the look of an overdressed monkey. Voltaire, also, was fond of magnificent attire, and usually dressed in an absurd manner. Diderot once travelled from St. Petersburg to Paris in his morning gown and night-cap; and in this guise promenaded the streets and public places of the towns on his route. He was often taken for a madman. While composing his works, he used to walk about at a rapid pace, making huge strides, and sometimes throwing his wig in the air when he had struck out a happy idea. One day, a friend found him in tears. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter?" "I am weeping," answered Diderot, "at a story that I have just composed!"

Young, the poet, composed his *Night Thoughts* with a skull before him, in which he would sometimes place a lighted candle; and he occasionally sought his sepulchral inspiration by wandering among the tombs at midnight. Mrs. Radcliffe courted the horrors with which she filled her gloomy romances, by supping on half-raw beefsteaks, plentifully garnished with onions. Dryden used to take physic before setting himself to compose a new piece. Kant, the German philosopher, while lecturing, had the habit of fixing his attention upon one of his auditors who wore a garment without a button in a particular place. One day, the student had the button sewed on. Kant, on commencing his lecture, fixed his eyes on the usual place. The button was there! Fancy the consternation of the philosopher, whose ideas had become associated with that buttonless garment. His lecture that day was detestable; he was quite unbinged by the circumstance.

Too many authors have been fond of the bottle. Rabelais said, "Eating and drinking are my true sources of inspiration. See this bottle! It is my true and only Helicon, my cabalistic fountain, my sole enthusiasm. Drinking, I deliberate; and deliberating, I drink." Ennius Eschylus, and Cato, all got their inspiration while drinking. Mezerai had always a large bottle of wine beside him, among his books. He drank of it at each page that he wrote. He turned the night into day; and never composed except by lamp-light, even in the day time. All his windows were darkened; and it was no unusual thing for him to show a friend to the door with a lamp, though outside it was broad daylight! On the contrary, Varillas, the historian, never wrote except at full mid-day. His ideas, he imagined, grew and declined with the sun's light.

Sir William Blackstone is said to have composed his *Commentaries* with a bottle of wine on the table, from which he drank largely at intervals; and Addison, while composing, used to pace to and fro the

long drawing-room of Holland House, with a glass of sherry at each end, and rewarded himself by drinking one in case of a felicitous inspiration.

While Goldsmith wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield*, he kept drinking at Madeira "to drown care," for the Duns were upon him. When Johnson called to relieve him, he sent away the bottle, and took the manuscript to the bookseller, bringing back some money to the author. Goldsmith's first use of the money was, to call in the landlady to have a glass of punch with him. Goldie was guilty of very strange tricks. He once broke his shin by exhibiting to the company about him how much better he could jump over a stick than puppets.

The intemperance of poets is but too painfully illustrated in the lives of Parnell, Otway, Sheffield, Savage, Churchill, Prior, Dryden, Cowley, Burns, Coleridge, Lamb, and others. There is nothing more painful in Burns' letters, than those in which he confesses his contrition after his drunken bouts, and vows of amendment for the future. His letter to Mrs. Dunlop on this subject will be remembered. Lamb, too, in a letter to Mr. Carey, painted *next morning* in vivid terrors. Byron says—

Get very drunk; and when  
You wake with headache, you shall see what then.

Here is Lamb's graphic picture:—"I protest," said he to Mr. Cary, the translator of Dante, "I know not in what words to invest my sense of the shameful violation of hospitality which I was guilty of on that fatal Wednesday. Let it be blotted from the calendar. Had it been committed at a layman's house—say a merchant's, or a manufacturer's, or a cheesemonger's, or a greengrocer's—or, to go higher, a barrister's, a member of parliament's, a rich banker's, I should have felt alleviation—a drop of self-pity. But to be seen deliberately to go out of the house of a clergyman, drunk! . . . With feverish eyes on the succeeding dawn, I opened upon the faint light, enough to distinguish, in a strange chamber, not immediately to be recognized, garters, hose, waistcoat, neckerchief, arranged in dreadful order and proportion, which I knew was not mine own! 'Tis the common symptom, on awaking, I judge my last night's condition from. A tolerable scattering on the floor I hail as being too probably my own, and if the candlestick be not removed, I assail myself. But this finical arrangement—this finding everything in the morning in exact diametrical rectitude, torments me. By whom was I divested? burning blushes! not by the fair hand of nymphs—the Boffian graces! Remote whispers suggested that I *coached* it home in triumph. Far be that from waking pride in me, for I was unconscious of the locomotion. That a young Newton accompanied a reprobate old Telemachus; that, Trojan-like, he bore his charge upon his shoulders, while the wretched incubus, in glimmering sense, hiccuped drunken snatches of flying on the bat's wings after sunset. . . . Occasion led me through Great Russell Street, yesterday; I gazed at the great knocker. My feeble hands in vain essayed to lift it. I dreaded that Argus Portitor, who doubtless lanterned me out on that prodigious night. I called the Elginian marbles; they were cold to my suit. I shall never again, I said, on the wide gates unfolding, say, without fear of thrusting back, in a light but a peremptory air, 'I am going to Mr. Cary's.'"

Lamb was also a great smoker at one period of his life. But he determined to give it up, as he found it led to drinking—to "drinking egg-flip hot, at the Salutation;" so he wrote his "Farewell to Tobacco," and gave it up—returning to it again, but finally abandoning it. In a letter to Wordsworth, he said, "Tobacco has been my evening comfort and my morning curse for these five years; and you know

how difficult it is from refraining to pick one's lips even, when it has become a habit. I have had it in my head to write this poem [Farewell to Tobacco] these two years; but tobacco stood in its own light, when it gave me headaches that prevented my singing its praises."

Once, in the height of Lamb's smoking fever, he was puffing the smoke of strong coarse tobacco from a clay pipe, in the company of Dr. Parr, who whiffed only the finest weed, when the latter, addressing Lamb, asked, "Dear me, sir, how is it that you have acquired so prodigious a smoking power?" "I have acquired it," answered Lamb, "by toiling after it, as some men toil after virtue."

It was from frequenting the society of Dr. Parr, that Robert Hall, the famous preacher, when at Cambridge, acquired the habit of smoking. He smoked in self-defence. Some one asked him why he had commenced such an odious habit. "Oh," said Hall, "I am qualifying myself for the society of a Doctor of Divinity; and this [holding up the pipe] is the test of my admission." A friend found him busy with his pipe one day, blowing huge clouds of smoke. "Ah," said the new comer, "I find you again at your old idol." "Yes," said Hall, "*burning it!*" But his friends were anxious that he should give up the practice, and one of them presented him with Adam Clarke's pamphlet on *The Use and Abuse of Tobacco*, to read. He read the pamphlet, and returned it to the lender, saying, as if to preclude discussion, "Thank you, sir, for Adam Clarke's pamphlet. I can't refute his arguments, and I can't give up smoking."

Among other smokers of distinction, may be named the poet Milton, whose night-cap was a pipe of tobacco and a glass of pure water. But he was exceedingly moderate in the indulgence of this "vice." Sir Walter Raleigh, who introduced the use of this weed into England, smoked frequently; and the anecdote of his servant, who emptied a bucket of water on him, thinking he was on fire, because he saw the smoke issuing from his mouth, is very well known. Many other poets and literary men have smoked. Carlyle, at this day, blows a tremendous cloud.

Southey's indulgence at bedtime was a glass of hot rum punch, enriched with a little black-currant jelly. Byron wrote under the influence of gin and water. Coleridge took immoderate quantities of opium. Gluck, the musical composer, wrote with a bottle of champagne beside him—Sacchini, when his wife was by his side, and his numerous cats gambolling about him.

Other authors have found relaxation in other ways. Thus Daguessseau, when he wanted relaxation from the study of jurisprudence and history, betook himself to a pair of compasses and a book of mathematics. Richelieu amused himself by playing with cats, and studying their tricks. Cowper had his tame hares. Sir Walter Scott was always attended by his favorite dogs. Professor Wilson, at this day, is famous for his terriers.

Alfieri, like Luther and Milton, found the greatest solace and inspiration in music. "Nothing," said he, "so moves my heart, and soul, and intellect, and rouses my very faculties, like music—and especially the music of woman's voice. Almost all my tragedies have been conceived under the immediate emotion caused by music." Voltaire took pleasure in the opera (not so Thomas Carlyle, as you may have seen), and there dictated some of his most brilliant letters.

But the foibles of men of genius are endless; and would be a curious subject for some D'Israeli, in a future volume of the *Curiosities of Literature*, to depict at length, if the subject be indeed worth the required amount of pains and labor.

From Household Words.

## SHADOWS.

## DAY AND NIGHT.

As most of us have our Doubles, so, in many noticeable lives, there are a Day and Night so wonderfully contrasted, so strikingly opposed, so very picturesque in their opposition to each other, that there can be few more remarkable subjects for consideration.

Let me recall a few such Days and Nights.

The weather is sultry, scorching, though there are banks of heavy clouds in the sky. A hot wind shakes the strangely-shaped leaves of gaunt trees fitfully to and fro, or agitates tufts of brush-wood and furze, rankly luxuriant, which grow here and there on the gray rocks. There are sudden declivities, and more rocks beyond, furrowed, scarred, and seamed by tears of brine. On every side beyond, as far as the strained eye can reach, is the interminable sea. There are birds overhead with sullen flapping wings, and insects and reptiles of strange shape beneath. In a mean house, with whitewashed walls and crazy Venetian blinds, with pultry furniture strangely diversified by rich pieces of plate and jewellers' ware, is a man in a bath with a Madras handkerchief tied round his head. Anon he is dressed by his servants, with whom he is peevish and fretful. He grumbles at the coffee at breakfast, abuses his attendants, begins a dozen things and does not accomplish one. Now he is in his garden; you will observe that he is short, stout, and with a discontented expression of countenance. He wears a large straw hat, a white jacket and trowsers, a check shirt, and has a black handkerchief knotted round his neck. He takes up a newspaper and throws it down, a book, and casts it aside. He is idle and loathes his idleness. Through an open window you may look into his plain study, of which the walls are covered with striped paper. You may see hanging there a portrait of a little child and a map of the world.

Who may this man be? What was he? A testy East India captain with a liver complaint, a disappointed Indigo planter, a crusty widower with a lagging chancery suit? No. It is Night now, but Day was. Ten years before, he stood on the steps of a throne in *Nôtre Dame* with the chief of the Catholic Church behind him, with the dignitaries of that church, the princes of his empire, the marshals of his armies, the ladies of his court, the flower of his subjects on his right hand and on his left. He was arrayed in velvet, satin, and gold, laurels on his head and a sceptre in his hand. He was Napoleon the Great, *Empereur et roi*; now he is General Bonaparte, a prisoner at St. Helena, at the beck and call of an English orderly officer. The portrait of the little child is that of the King of Rome, whose melancholy double, the pale young man in a white coat, is to be Metternichized in Vienna yonder, and the map is of the world which was to have been his inheritance.

Again. We are in the pit of an Italian theatre. Wax tapers, in bell-shaped shades, flare round the dress circle, for we are in the eighteenth century, and as yet gas and fish-tail burners are not. Gaudy frescoes decorate the front of the tiers of boxes; the palisade of the orchestra is surmounted with a spiked *cheveux-de-frise*; the occupants of the pit wear cocked-hats and wigs, and, in the dress circle, the beaux wear laced ruffles and sparkling-hilted swords, and the belles powder and

patches. In one of the proscenium-boxes is the Grand Duke, sitting, imposing in embroidery; behind him are his suite, standing humble in ditto. The corresponding *loge* on the other side of the proscenium is empty. The first act of the opera is over and an intermediary ballet is being performed. An impossible shepherd, in blue satin trunks, a cauliflower wig, and carrying a golden crook, makes choregraphic overtures, to live with him and be his love, to an apocryphal shepherdess in a robe *Pompadour* and hair-powder. You would see such a pair nowhere else save in Arcadia, or in Wardour Street, and in Dresden China. More shepherds and shepherdesses execute pastoral gambadoes, and the *divertissement* is over. Then commences the second act of the opera. About this time, verging on half-past nine in the evening, you hear the door of the vacant private box open. An easy-chair is brought down to the front, and a book of the opera, a bottle of essences, and a golden snuff-box are placed upon the ledge before it. Anon enters unto these an infirm, staggering, broken-looking old man, with a splendid dress hanging in slovenly magnificence on his half-palsied limbs. He has a bloated countenance, marbled with purple stains, a heavy eye-lid, and a blood-shot eye that once must have been bright blue. Every feature is shattered, weary, drooping, and flaccid. Every nerve is unstrung; the man is a wreck, and an unsightly one. His flabby hands are covered with rings, a crumpled blue ribbon crosses his breast, and round his neck hangs another ribbon, from which dangles something that sparkles like a diamond star. Finally, he is more than three parts inebriated. It is easy to understand that, from his unsteady hand, from the dozing torpor into which he occasionally falls, from the querulous incoherence of his speech, from the anxiety manifested by the thin, pale, old man in uniform, with the cross of a commander of Saint Louis, and the hard-featured gentlemen with silver thistles in their cravats, who stand on either side of their master, and seem momentarily to fear that he will fall out of his chair. The beaux and belles in the dress circle do not seem to express much curiosity at the advent of this intoxicated gentleman. They merely whisper "*E il Signore Cacciatore*; he is very far gone to-night," or words to that effect. The spectacle is no novelty. The opera is that most beautiful one by Gluck, *Orfeo*. The Orpheus of the evening, in a Grecian tunic, but bewigged and powdered according to orthodoxy, is singing the sublime lament, "*Che farò senza Euridice?*" The beautiful wailing melody floats upwards, and for a moment the belles forget to flirt, and the beaux to swagger. Cambric handkerchiefs are used for other purposes than to assure the owner that the rouge on the cheeks holds fast, and is not coming off. What is the slovenly magnifico opposite the Grand Duke doing? During the prelude he was nodding his head and breathing stertorously; but as the song proceeds, he sits erect in his chair; his blue eye dilates; a score of years of seams and furrows on his brows and cheeks vanish; he is a man. But the strain concludes, and his excellency bursts into a fit of passionate weeping, and has recourse to the bottle of essences.

His excellency has not spent a pleasant day. He has been bullied by his chaplain, snubbed by his chamberlain, and has had a deadly quarrel with his favorite. Moreover, his dinner has disagreed with him, and he has drunk a great deal



more, both before and after it, than is good for him. Are these tears merely the offspring of maudlin drunkenness; or has the music touched some responsive chord of the cracked lyre, sent some thoughts of what he was through his obfuscated brain clouded with wine of Alicante and strong waters? Have the strains he has heard to-night some mysterious connection (as only music can have) with his youth, his dead happiness, his hopes crushed forever;—with the days when he was Charles Edward Stuart, pretending to the Crown of England; when he rode through the streets of Edinburgh at the head of the clans amid the crooning of the bagpipes, the shouts of his partisans, the waving of silken banners brodered by the white hands of noble ladies? "*Non sum qualis eram*," his chaplain will tell him; but, ah me! what a sorry evening is this to so bright a morning!

To come nearer home: the good Queen Anne reigns in England, and an enthusiastic phalanx of High Church ragamuffins have just been bellowing round the queen's sedan chair, "God save your majesty and Dr. Sacheverell!" There are a great many country gentlemen in town, for term is just on, and the cause list is full. A white-haired patriarch in extreme old age, who has been subpoenaed on some trial, has strolled from Westminster Hall, and entered the House of Lords, where he stands peering curiously at the carved roof and dingy tapestry, and scarlet-covered woollack. He is one of those men in whose whole apparel and bearing you seem to read farmer, as in another man's you will read thief. His snowy white locks, his ruddy, sunburnt, freckled countenance carved into a thousand wrinkles, like a Nuremberg nutcracker, tell of hale, hearty old age. You may read farmer in his flapped felt hat and long duffel coat; in his scarlet-flapped waistcoat and boots of untanned leather, his stout ashen staff, with a crutch and leathern strap. His full clear eye, his pleasant smile, his jaunty, though feeble bearing, say clearly, farmer—a well to do, Queen-loving, God-fearing old agriculturist. His life has probably passed in peace and comfort; and when he dies he will sleep in the green churchyard where his fore-elders sleep. Here is a London gentleman who accosts him, a coffee-house wit, a blood skilled in the nice conduct of a clouded cane. He patronizes the old farmer, and undertakes to show him the lions of the place. This is the door leading to my lord chancellor's robing-room; from behind that curtain enters her majesty; there is the gallery for the peeresses; there the bar. Is he not astonished? Is not the place magnificent? Being from the country ("Shocking Boeotian," says the blood mincingly to himself) he has probably never been in the House of Lords before. The old man raises his stick, and points it, tremulously, towards where, blazing in crimson velvet, embroidery and gold, is the Throne. "Never," he answers, "since I sat in that chair!" The old farmer's double was Richard Cromwell, whilom Lord Protector of England.

Here is a placid-looking little old man, trotting briskly down John Street, Tottenham Court Road. He is about seventy, apparently, but walks erect. He has a natty little three-cornered hat, a well-brushed black suit, rather white at the seams, grey silk stockings, and silver buckles in his shoes. Two powdered *ails de pigeon* give relief to his simple good-humored countenance, and his hair is gathered behind into a neat *queue*, which leaves a

meandering line of powder on the back of his coat. His linen is very white, so are his hands, on one of the fingers of which he wears a ring of price. He lodges in a little street in the neighborhood, pays his rent regularly, has frequent friendly chats with the book-stall keepers, of whom he is an excellent customer, and with whom he is highly popular; pats all the children on the head, and smiles affably at the maid-servants. The neighbors set him down as a retired schoolmaster, a half-pay navy purser, or, perhaps, a widower with a small independence. At any rate, he is a pleasant body, and quite the gentleman. This is about the close of his Day. Would you like to know his Night? Read the Old Bailey Sessions Paper: ask the Bow Street officers, who have been tracking him for years, and have captured him at last; who are carrying him handcuffed to Newgate, to stand his trial for murder. His double was Governor Wall, commandant of Goree, who was banged for the murder of Serjeant Armstrong, whom he caused to be flogged to death; very strongly adjuring the drummer who inflicted the torture, to cut his liver out!

But I should never end were I to notice a tithe of the Days and Nights that flit across this paper while I write. A paralytic old octogenarian, drivelling, idiotic, and who, of all the passions of his other self has preserved but one—the most grovelling avarice—hobbles across the room, and, glancing at himself in a mirror, mutters, "That was once a man." The man was John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. A moping invalid, imbecile and speechless, dozing in an arm-chair, sees a servant endeavoring to break an obstinate lump of coal in the grate; "It's a stone, you blackguard!" he cries; and these are the first words he has spoken for years—the first that have passed his lips since the Day shone no more on Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. Anon a shrivelled little dotard, with a bald head and a yellow face, clad in a nightcap, drawers and slippers, comes grimacing to my desk, and tells me that although it is Night now, he, Louis the Fourteenth, had his Day—*Ludovico Magno*; of the Porte St. Denis; Louis le Grand in the Gallery of Versailles; in a towering peruke and high-heeled shoes, giving laws to princes. A mincing gentleman in powder, with a sky-blue coat, a waistcoat lined with rose-colored satin, and silk stockings, and with an air something between a *petit maitre* and a dancing-master, tells me that, when alive, he lived over an upholsterer's shop, in the Rue St. Honoré; that he was frugal, just and incorruptible; that he was beloved by his landlord and landlady; but that he had a double of the Convention and of the Committee of Public Safety; a double who swam in the blood of all that was great and noble in France; a double whose name was Maximilian Robespierre.

O Day and Night, but this is wondrous strange!

KINDLY appreciative words may bring upon the spirit of a man a softening dew of humility, instead of feeding within him the boisterous flame of vanity.

As we become more truly human the world becomes to us more truly divine.

It is a noble species of revenge to have the power of a severe retaliation and not to exercise it.

He who never relapses into sportiveness is a wearisome companion, but beware of him who jests at everything.

From the Economist.

## POLITICAL PARTIES IN AMERICA.

THERE are few political parties, either in this or in other countries, with which independent and thoughtful men can thoroughly and unreservedly sympathize. Nearly all of them possess some fragment or element of truth; nearly all of them hold *some* sound opinions, and take the right view of some vital question; nearly all of them pursue some one aim of great value and importance. But it is almost impossible to find any party whose creed and course men of patriotic and statesman-like minds can adopt *as a whole*; whose soundness on one topic is not counterbalanced by its errors on another; whose ideas are correct or whose tendencies are safe *beyond a certain point*; or whose livery can be assumed by comprehensive and philosophical politicians without much misgiving, or for a long term of service. Hence, the career of a practical statesman must always be a perplexing one, and must often wear the appearance of inconsistency; for the party whose general principles are, in his opinion, most sound and beneficial, may often be wrong on some one question which for a time overshadows every other in the public mind, and is, at the time, perhaps the most really pressing and momentous; while another party which, in capacity, enlargement of view, and broad liberality of purpose, can bear no comparison with its rivals, may yet have got hold of some great prolific truth, or some priceless practical reform, which is put forward as the head and front of its policy, and which it would be a sin not to sanction and to further. Those who are wrong on the whole, may yet be right for this once; those whose ascendancy would be dangerous in the long run, the interests of the country may yet require should be victorious for a time. In such cases it is difficult for wise and conscientious men to see their way; to decide how far they should follow their habitual sympathies and how far their immediate judgment; how far future contingencies should be allowed to hamper and to guide present action; and what price it may be advisable to pay, or to refuse, for an unquestionable good.

Even in this country and at the present time this perplexity is painfully felt by many whose position is too independent, whose judgment too scrupulous, and whose individuality too strong, to allow them to chain themselves to the car of any section of existing politicians. They feel that the party whose views are most rigidly correct, and whose services have been most marked on the subject of commercial freedom, is for the most part composed of men whose views on the higher questions of government and policy are narrow, inconsiderate, and dogmatic, whose doctrines of statesmanship are at once essentially fanatical and low, and whose ascendancy we could not help regarding as at once dangerous and degrading to the nation. While, at the same time, the party of conservative progress, with which they most agree and would most willingly cast in their lot—as the only one capable of rising to the height of a philosophic and consistent policy—comprises among its leaders many men whose tendencies on ecclesiastical topics are to be watched and dreaded, and from whose aggregate of ideas the old heaven of statesmanship is not wholly eliminated. In such cases, all that can be done is clearly to understand the peculiar tendencies and dangers of the respective parties; and to incline towards one or the other

as the necessities of the hour and a far-seeing judgment may direct.

In the United States of America, the respective claims of the two great parties to our sympathies are more equally balanced than at first appears. The "Whigs" there are the Conservative party—as far as a party with such a name can be said to have any existence in a new country like America. The "Democrats" answer to our extreme Radicals. At present a close contest for the next Presidency is going on between them. Each party has chosen its candidate. Both candidates, as is usual in the United States, are "Generals;" and both, we believe, are gentlemen of unblemished respectability. It may be worth while to lay before our readers a brief sketch of the tone of character and the main principles of policy which distinguish the two parties who are now about to try their strength against each other.

The slavery question does not enter into the contest at all. That is at present regarded as a moral rather than a political question; and though attempts have been made to get up a third party, called *Free Soilers*, whose object should be the ultimate emancipation of the blacks and the present diminution of slave-holding influences in the Union, no marked success has attended the endeavor. Both the Whig and the Democratic party contain among them many zealous abolitionists and many obstinate advocates of "our domestic institutions" (as the polite phrase is); but both unite in carefully excluding the subject from their habitual political combinations. It has been tacitly agreed between them that this exciting and exasperating topic shall, as far as may be, be kept out of sight; and, at all events, shall not enter into their grounds of difference or contest.

The "Democrats" are right on the great material question of the day—Free Trade. They abjure high tariffs, whether imposed for revenue or for protection. They protest against taxing, or restricting, or endangering the commerce of the South for the benefit of the manufactures of the North. They demand the freest commercial intercourse with all nations. In a word, they are in America the defenders of that system which we believe not only to be founded on truth and justice, but to carry in its train the fullest development and the highest prosperity of the world. So far our sympathies go heartily along with them. But on nearly all other points we regard their tendencies as dangerous and their principles as wrong, to a degree which even their correct views on commercial policy can scarcely outweigh. They are strongest among the daring, reckless, and unquiet spirits of the South and West. They include the most wild and ignorant of the population. It is among them that the opposers and defiers of established authority are principally found. They are the chief favorers and executors of Lynch law. They are fond of the doctrine that it is "the people," rather than the constituted and legally chosen officers of the people, that are to be obeyed. They mainly were "nullifiers," the refusers of rent to Van Rensselaer, the preachers and practisers of the iniquitous and fatal maxim, that "might makes right," and that "the people" can do no wrong.

On matters of foreign policy, also, their principles are indefensible and their morality is lax. They are the defenders and active agents in Texan annexation. They were the men who called out for the annexation of Mexico. Among them were found those who planned and those who excused

the piratical expedition against Cuba. They are the proclaimers of the insolent and monstrous doctrine that no European power has any business on the soil of America. They are constantly on the verge of involving their country in wars and quarrels on the most trivial pretext and the smallest provocation: and appeal with far less scruple than their antagonists to the angriest and meanest passions of the populace.

The Whigs, as a whole, are a far more educated class than their competitors. They have far more notion of the decorums and dignities of policy, and of those laws of justice and morality which belong to civilized and international life. Their chief strong-hold lies in the more populous and cultivated States in the North-Eastern portion of the Union. Though as touchy as their rivals on all matters that concern the national interest and honor, they take—with the exception of one subject—a wider view of that interest, and have, on all subjects, a truer conception of the requirements of that honor. They are anxious to maintain friendly and worthy relations with England and with Europe. They condemned the Cuban expedition as a sin and a disgrace. Among them were found the few voices that were raised throughout the Union against the war with Mexico and the annexation of Texas. They are the advocates of the supremacy of the law, on those occasions when it comes into collision with the popular passions of the hour. They are the inheritors and expounders of the political doctrines of Washington—though mutilated, weakened, and impaired. They have, generally speaking, more comprehension than the Democrats, of the intellectual and moral, as contradistinguished from the mere material, interests of their nation and of humanity; they represent a more cultivated people and a higher stage of civilization. But they favor a protective tariff. They wish to make the United States a great manufacturing country. Like most men and parties, their views are warped and darkened by their immediate pecuniary interests. A great portion of their numerical strength lies among the industrial cities of the North and East. In this respect they correspond pretty nearly with the decaying party of Agricultural Conservatives in England. While the Democrats would be most disposed to quarrel with us on territorial questions, the Whigs would be most likely to declare hostilities against us in a war of tariffs.

It is, therefore, not easy to say to which party we should wish success. Both, we hope, will become yearly more enlightened. We can scarcely, however, believe that even the victory of the Whigs in the Presidential contest will embolden them to attempt any material modification in the tariff in the direction of their own views: and we would fain hope that such victory may be the indication of a moral influence and a national strength which will enable them to hold in check the more turbulent and aggressive portion of the population, till time and education shall have infused into the whole mass sounder sentiments and a loftier morality. If, on the other hand, the Democrats should be successful, while we should rejoice in the belief that the commercial policy of the Union was settled on a liberal basis for some years at least, and possibly forever, we confess that we should look with some anxiety to the secondary result, as feeling that it would be impossible to foresee how far the rulers of America might not in that

case find it necessary to tolerate, even if they did not sympathize with, ambitions and aggressions on the part of those who had raised them to power, which might greatly threaten the peace and good understanding of the world. It is true that the friends of Free Trade should, if their views have any cohesion or consistency, be preëminently the friends of peace, since only in peace can commerce flourish and extend; but unhappily democracies generally act impulsively, and seldom see far.

From the Spectator, 20th July.

#### THE TRUE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN POLITICS.

FRANKLIN PIERCE, president presumptive of the United States, speaking the funeral oration of Henry Clay, has taken the fit occasion to make a declaration in favor of the compromise on the slave question; and for that act he is systematically attacked in a London newspaper as a "Pro-slavery" man. With all deference to a writer who intimates for himself a peculiar insight into the politics of the Union because he has "been there," we are bound to believe that such an allegation is very onesided, and very misleading. It requires comparatively little knowledge of America and Americans to know that the slavery question really consists of two branches—the wisdom of extinguishing slavery with all practicable speed, and the wisdom of agitating the question after the fashion of abolitionists; nor does it need more profound acquaintance with transatlantic politics to know that the balance of opinion on these two distinct questions is very differently inclined. The abolitionists are a sect as little representing the people of the whole of the vast country as the teetotallers represent England; only that the antagonism between the sectarian minority in America and the body of the people is much stronger than it is here. As to the expediency of agitating the slavery question after the abolitionist fashion, therefore, the body of the people is decided in the negative. It does not at all follow, however, that the extinction of slavery is impeded by the decline of abolitionism. On the contrary, it is expedited. The angry, threatening agitation, which menaced many important classes with what they deem spoliation, and whole states with servile war, arrayed against the substantive proposition many who will be disposed to adopt it now that destructive agitation has declined.

The writer, who denounces views opposed to his own as "terribly false," has so imperfect a grasp of American ideas, and of American events within these last three or four years, that he speaks of the abolitionists and the free-soil party almost as one. This is about the same as if an American writer on English affairs were to confound Exeter Hall with the general public in favor of religious freedom. The free-soil party is the natural antagonist to that party which desired to extend the territory of American slavery; and, whether professedly or not, an increasing number of Americans hold free-soil opinions. The states most recently added to the Union are uncontaminated by slavery; and it is a remarkable illustration of the facts which we are explaining, that the conquests made by the prowess of Yankees who are the most "go-ahead" in energy, ambition, and success, are preserved by those same ardent and conquering spirits from the curse of the older states of the South. The ag-

gressive party—the Volunteers, who would turn out to a man for the purpose of suppressing an abolitionist tumult—have virtually *turned* the blackened territory. Slavery is all but enclosed; and the force which hedges it in consists of that very portion of the American people which is denounced as California recruits, New Mexican invaders, or “Cuban pirates”—the levies which Franklin Pierce led in Mexico.

“The refusal of the abolitionists to swear fealty to the Union,” we are told, “matches well with the refusal of their fathers to swear fealty to George the Third!” The same parallel is pursued, and Daniel Webster is likened to “the traitor Arnold,” because, being a man of the North, he admits the expediency of extinguishing slavery by American means and in accordance with the spirit of the Union. The parallel is as false in fact as it is revolting in its suggestion. The abolitionists have about as much power to destroy the Union as the Protestant Alliance has to dethrone Queen Victoria. But suppose they had the power, what would be the crime of that man who could bound them to such destruction? To dissolve the Union, especially on such a question, could have but one or other of two great consequences,—either the South, separated from the North, would be left absolutely free to defend its black institution against external foes, and to strengthen its territorial resources by incorporating with itself the Spanish States to the South with Cuba and Porto Rico; or, checked in that natural attempt to territorial aggrandizement, the South would be obliged, for its own existence, to enter on a mortal contest with the North, and North America would be handed over to an anarchy more horrible, because involving greater interests and greater powers, than the anarchy which has so long ravaged Spanish America. Such is the future complacently anticipated by an English theorist!

“The relations of America with Europe are, and must be,” so it is written, “while slavery endures, determined by the state of that institution within her boundaries”; “while the supreme ruler of the Republic favors slavery, there will be annexations like those of Texas, aggressive wars like that against Mexico, piratical expeditions against the dominions of allies like the Cuban foray.” Slavery or no slavery, indeed, there will probably be such expeditions; for evidently the spirit of conquest is upon the young republic, as eager to add a California to the Free States as a Texas to the Black States, whoever may be the “supreme ruler” of the republic. The very phrase betrays the thoroughly English habit of thought in the writer, and may go far to explain what would otherwise seem gratuitous misrepresentation. But the bona fides does not diminish the necessity to correct views so false as that promulgated by the daily paper before us; especially when the writer is arguing so as to impede a right understanding between England and America. It is of the utmost importance that, in the series of inscrutable events which appear to be approaching on both sides of the Atlantic, those two Anglo-Saxon nations should understand and sustain each other; if they do, freedom will be safe; if they do not, each will probably have the world against it and against freedom. Official cliques have done enough to divide the two, but it is a special advocate of freedom who now endeavors to perpetuate and widen the misunderstanding!

From the Journal of Commerce, 10th August.

#### PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

THE London Times, in an article which we republish to-day, on the subject of the Presidency, expresses the opinion, founded doubtless on the experience of America in relation to her three great statesmen, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, that no great man can ever be elected to that high office. A like opinion has been widely, perhaps generally, entertained in the United States; but the facts on which the opinion rests, do not, in any degree, warrant its adoption. The appearance of three such minds on the public stage, at the same moment, is unprecedented in the history of modern nations. They were giants, but they were equals. The difference in age was but slight, and if there was any in respect to intellectual power, it was not generally recognized by the country. The section which each represented, claimed for each the merit of supremacy, and insisted on a recognition of the claim on the part of the country at large, by his elevation to the presidential office. All were made candidates—neither would acknowledge a superior right on the part of his opponent. It thus happened that each was opposed by both the others, and there was ever a preponderance of great men on the side of opposition. There were two opposing one, and the majority were successful. The principle settled, if any was settled, by the failure of the country to place either in the presidential chair, was only this: that no great man can be elected to that post who is opposed by two equally great, equally prominent in the sections they respectively represent, and when success on the part of one would be deemed to be the establishment of a current in a direction hostile to the future claims of the others.

That it determines the question that no man of high intellect, should such arise, can, under other circumstances, be elected to the presidency, cannot be alleged with any force. The circumstances of each of these three great men have had their peculiarities, which have detracted in some degree, in the opinion of many, from the high claims that in other respects existed. Mr. Calhoun, when marching forward to the presidency with powerful strides, the most popular man at one time in the Democratic party, set up the doctrine of Nullification, to the alarm of the country. Mr. Clay, who had committed the mistake, in earlier life, of allying his fortunes with those of John Quincy Adams, offended the protectionists by offering to the South a compromise which the friends of a high tariff opposed. “Sir,” said Mr. Webster, addressing him in secret session, “you are yielding to triumphant nullification.” The notes of the speech in which this sentence appeared, were published in the New York American long after it was delivered—after an affair in the Senate between Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clay, in which the latter claimed, with an air that gave offence, that in the nullification controversy he had gone to Mr. Calhoun’s relief. Mr. Calhoun replied by insisting that Mr. Clay, who represented a Western constituency not interested in a high tariff, had been obliged, from his position and the attitude of the controversy, to offer pacific measures, and he added, “I was your master on that occasion.” Mr. Clay retorted, “Sir, I would not own you for a slave.” The appearance of Mr. Webster’s notes, after this dispute, was probably supposed by



Mr. Clay to have been intended to bear on this question, and doubtless had its influence on their relations; and no doubt influenced portions of the country, where the tariff was popular, to regard Mr. Clay with some disfavor. The weight of Mr. Clay's influence in the late convention was given to another candidate than Mr. Webster. Had it been cordially used in behalf of Mr. Webster, it might have been effectual. The noble exertions of both, at a late period of their lives, in behalf of great national principles—services which entitled them to the warmest gratitude of the country—came, certainly in the case of Mr. Clay, at a period too late, as was at the time known and acknowledged, to justify his elevation to the presidency, and in the case of Mr. Webster, at a period which many supposed too late. The death of two high incumbents in quick succession, taught that there was danger from suspending the prosperity of party on the contingency of death, under circumstances that rendered its occurrence from age not improbable; and it may have had its influence on the claims of Mr. Webster. All probability of his nomination has now departed, and he will pass from life to history, on the same footing with his illustrious compeers,

One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die.

From the Morning Chronicle, 27th July.

#### LORD PALMERSTON AND HIS POSITION.

In considering the changes which the late elections have produced in the relative strength of parties, we have hitherto omitted to take into account the altered state of the Palmerstonian section. It was, indeed, never a very numerous one, though it was compact and well organized. It consisted only of the noble viscount himself, with his faithful but foolish Achaïes, Mr. Chisholm Anstey; and, by the exclusion of the latter from Parliament, the numerical strength of the pure Palmerstonians is diminished by one half. The loss, however, is more apparent than real. Even without a single professed adherent, Lord Palmerston will not fail to wield great power in the new Parliament, though it is far from certain for whose advantage, except his own, he may choose to make use of it. Personally, he possesses great influence with the House of Commons, although it would be extremely difficult to say what principle or interest he represents. He was strong enough to turn out Lord John Russell, and his alliance was eagerly solicited by Lord Derby. He now returns to Parliament more unfettered by pledges or party connections than almost any other member of the House. The only engagement into which he has entered is a purely negative one, and his fidelity to it is not likely to be put to the proof. Whatever may happen, he will not join a Kowles administration; but he is free to do anything else—to enter into any new combination, and to take advantage of opportunities as they may arise. This is a singular position for one who has passed more of his life in office than any other public man of the day. With a vast amount of political experience, and at a mature age, the noble member for Tiverton is about to recommence his career. He starts afresh as a promising young man, having, it is to be hoped, got rid of the indiscretions of youth. No one can predict in what part of the House he will take his seat—though there is a strong antecedent prob-

ability that it will not be next to Lord John Russell.

Lord Palmerston's position is among the strangest of political paradoxes. Not very long ago, the present ministers and most of their adherents made a deliberate attack upon his policy; and, more recently, Lord John Russell quarrelled with him, and summarily ejected him from office. He has no personal following, nor is he supported by the weight of intelligent opinion. Prudent people regard him as a dangerous minister, and on the continent he is unpopular with every existing government. But, though few persons who are capable of forming a sound opinion would wish to see his lordship again at the head of the Foreign Office, it is undeniable that he is looked upon with favor throughout the country, and that he has very great influence in Parliament. That influence has certainly not been gained by his achievements in the department over which he so long presided—it is the result rather of his felicitous mode of dealing with his assailants, and of his singular dexterity in avoiding the discussion of unpopular subjects. Moreover, he has often been peculiarly fortunate in his opponents. Mr. Urquhart's tiresome attacks had the effect of enlisting parliamentary favor on the side of the noble viscount; and the hostile feeling so often expressed towards him by the ministers of foreign states invested him with a certain degree of popularity. He had the skill to make the most of this advantage, and he frequently asserted, with some plausibility, that the obstacles which he had to encounter arose exclusively from his being a liberal and patriotic minister. At a more recent period, other causes have still further assisted his lordship to gain in public estimation. It was felt that he had been ill-treated by the late premier; for it appeared, from the parliamentary explanations consequent on his retirement from office, that Lord John had been no less willing than his foreign secretary to acknowledge the dictatorship of Louis Napoleon. There was an obvious attempt to make the country believe that Lord Palmerston had been sacrificed for his over-eagerness in recognizing an intolerable act of despotism; but that endeavor to lower him in public opinion signally failed. Those among the whigs who did not belong to the Russell clique were deeply offended, and looked upon the "crisis" as an unworthy intrigue; whilst the opponents of the late government smiled at the simplicity of a minister who ostracized the ablest member of his cabinet. In fact, Lord Palmerston's immediate influence was increased, rather than impaired, by his misfortunes. He was too old a stager to go over to Lord Derby and play Themistocles at the hearth of Admetus—he waited for his opportunity, gained his revenge, and showed his power.

It must, however, be confessed, that that power is due at least as much to his lordship's personal qualities as to any combination of favorable circumstances. No one else could have served so many different parties and made so few enemies. It is a rare gift to be able to talk so much and to do so little mischief. Recklessness is seldom united with so easy and pleasant a manner as that which has uniformly distinguished the noble viscount. In the business of the Foreign Office he was, no doubt, serious enough; but in the House of Commons he had always at command a happy vein of good-humored banter, which disarmed his bitterest opponents. Moreover, he was shrewd enough, so long as he was in office, to avoid pro-

voking needless hostility by fighting the battles of government, except where his own department was concerned. If he did descend to combats of any other kind, it was only to flourish the banner of popular Liberalism; but, either from prudence or from indolence, he studiously eschewed the discussion of unpleasant and difficult questions, nor was he given to express extreme opinions upon domestic politics. We will not say that he is an immoral politician; yet there is about him a gay indifference and a laxity of principle which, while contributing to his popularity, will prevent his being numbered among the great names of English history. A large share of his reputation is due to his talents; but these would, by themselves, neither have gained nor preserved to him the public favor which he enjoys, and which he mainly owes to those advantages of manner and temper which enable him to worry his opponents, and to laugh at his friends, without giving any unpardonable offence. Of the stability of his principles, and of his skill in statesmanship, doubts may be entertained; but there is no member of the House of Commons more useful in healing the wounds inflicted by savage disputants. He displays equal address in soothing the bitter English politician, and in silencing the clamors of the noisiest Milesian orator. Hereafter, perhaps, the political necrologist, led into bathos by the love of antithesis, will remark that, "though he may not have been a great statesman, he undoubtedly was a good fellow."

It remains to be seen what his fate will be in the new Parliament. During the election—which, to him alone, amongst a thousand candidates, has been a real vacation—he has taken care to show that "age has not withered him, nor custom staled his infinite variety." After his lively speeches at Tiverton and Lewes, no critic will venture to suggest, *solve senescentem*. His hustings oration was the one brilliant episode in the dull epic of the election. He could not be driven out of his game-some mood even by an extremely dull Chartist. On he went, with pleasing volubility—from sharp jests to funny stories—a perfect siren to the electors of Tiverton. His next appearance was at the agricultural show at Lewes, where he frisked and gambolled like a skittish heifer. Ill-natured critics might suggest that he was actuated by a malicious desire to show how much easier it is for a clever ex-minister to talk about agriculture than for country squires to act as secretaries of state. For our own part, we acquit him of any such motive—if he had any ambition in the matter, it was to compete successfully with the machines for cutting chaff. Upon the whole, it was a charming exhibition. Such is the versatility of Lord Palmerston that he is just as good upon guano and liquid manures as upon any of the intricate questions of foreign politics. If Lord Malmesbury could speak only half as well upon our relations with Tuscany as his gifted predecessor does on the question which is nearest to the agricultural heart, we should have no fears for the Foreign Office. The noble viscount's bucolic style is quite unrivalled, and he wisely seized the opportunity of displaying his excellence. None of the present ministers would make like just now to address an agricultural society—they would rather not talk at this moment about bullocks and wheat. The most expert tactician among them would be sorely distressed at meeting the representatives of the interest which they have cajoled. But they had better look to it.

The member for Tiverton is a very clever man, and there is no saying but he may occupy the dangerous and vacant office of the farmer's friend. Yet, whatever may be the party which Lord Palmerston may ultimately join, he certainly will never sink to the low intellectual level of the Derby Disraelite ministry; nor will he consent to damage his popularity by joining in the solemn trickery which her majesty's present advisers designate a conservative policy.

From the Southern Press.

A REPLY TO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.—We have been favored by the authoress, Mrs. Eastman, of this city—the gifted lady of Captain Eastman of the army—with some of the chapters of a forthcoming work from her pen, intended as an offset to Mrs. Stowe's abolition novel. We have not had the pleasure of perusing Mrs. Eastman's novel, which is shortly to appear, but competent judges, who have, pronounce it to be highly interesting, and we know from proofs she has already given that she possesses the ability to make it so. One of her productions, illustrative of Indian character, and detailing many of the wild legends of the north-western tribes (among whom her husband was, for a time, stationed), first introduced her to our acquaintance, and is the guarantee of her capacity for the task she has now undertaken. It is, indeed, a noble task for a southern woman, to vindicate her brethren of the south from the cruel and unjust aspersions of their northern sister, who coins her dollars of profit at a risk of their being the price of blood.

An extract from Mrs. Eastman's work will be found in another column; but it is, of course, unjust to any author to form a judgment as to the interest of any tale by taking a scrap of it. Our sole object in publishing this fragment is to invite attention specially to the work, which could not be accomplished so well in any other way.

As Mrs. Eastman intends to confine herself to truth, the advantage of dramatic interest is all on the side of Mrs. Stowe, who has certainly not restricted her range by any such limitation.

Regarding these as far more potent engines than congressional speeches, because reaching and coming home to the hearts of so many who take no interest in politics, so styled, we have deemed the circulation, sale and success of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as a most evil omen—both as testifying to the existence and extent of the abolition sentiment in the popular mind, and as to its increase through that agency. Therefore we rejoice that, as a female hand has proffered the poison, the hand of a true woman is also now extended with the antidote.

SOLITARY ENJOYMENTS.—All solitary enjoyments quickly pall, or become painful, so that, perhaps, no more insufferable misery can be conceived than that which must follow incommunicable privileges. Only imagine a human being condemned to perpetual youth while all around him decay and die. Oh! how sincerely would he call upon death for deliverance! No means of suicide would be left unattempted. What, then, is to be done? Are we to struggle against all our desires? Luckily, we should strive in vain, or, could we succeed, we should be fools for our pains. To strangle a natural feeling is a partial suicide; but there is no need to extinguish the fertility of the soil lest the harvest should be unwholesome. Is it not better far to root up the weeds, and to plant fruits and flowers instead? Were but a title of the time and thought usually spent in learning the commonest accomplishments bestowed upon regulating our lives, how many evils would be avoided or lessened! how many pleasures would be created or increased!—*Sharpe's Letters*.

From the Examiner.

*Woman's Life; or the Trials of Caprice.* By EMILIE CARLEN, Author of "The Rose of Tisleton," &c. Three vols. Bentley.

THERE is great interest in this book, with a very nice and delicate handling of character. On the whole we prefer it to any of Miss Bremer's novels. It has not more truthfulness of manner, or a greater abundance of quiet pictures of unexaggerated domestic life, but it has less of that alloy of the convulsive and melodramatic which detracts so much from the best of the tales of Miss Bremer. Madame Carlen has oddities of character in her stories as peculiar as any of her countrywoman's, and as difficult of easy relish to an English reader; her local coloring being occasionally as strong as it can possibly be, not to be wholly unenjoyable by a foreigner; but we never miss altogether that solid groundwork of the true which we strongly feel and can thoroughly sympathize with. The character and clients of "Uncle Janne" in the story before us illustrate what we mean. Often as he and his friends threaten to grow tiresome, we never fairly tire of them. He recovers ground as often as he loses it. We cannot venture to say so much for Cousin Abbé and the half-crazy count, yet even here Madame Carlen knows better than Miss Bremer when a reader's patience is likely to be overtasked. But the triumph of the book is that picture of the heroine and her lover, afterwards her husband, which exhibits its "trials of caprice." Nothing can surpass the beauty, the fascination, of the opening scenes, in which she struggles against a passion to which her heart has entirely surrendered while her pride would yet stubbornly resist its influence. She is high-born and wealthy, but her lover has a reverse of fortune and is now steward in her mother's household, and the positions to which this relation gives rise are depicted not only with singular force, but with a subtlety that searches and penetrates to the depths of feeling and motive. In many of these scenes the effect is quite charming—reminding us, by the contrast of passionate yet loving caprices with a quiet and reserved dignity in the object that provokes them, of the loves of Miss Milner and Dorriforth in Mrs. Inchbald's *Simple Story*. As in the English writer, too, the sequel of the love is given—the trials not less, nor the temptations; but the latter not so weakly yielded to, and the former ending in happiness. We object a little to an excess of detail in the married scenes; incidents and reflections which we should call trivial somewhat too largely blending with graver sufferings; but in the turning point of the wife's trials, and her redemption in becoming a mother, we have a happily imagined piece of truth worked out with unobtrusive pathos. We are sorry to say that the translation is not well executed, and in all our experience we never met with a book printed with such execrable carelessness. Without a constant effort on the part of the reader it would be quite unintelligible. Even of the eight lines prefixed as a sort of preface by the translator there are two which no amount of effort on our part has yet made intelligible to us.

THE Master of the Rolls publishes the following reply to Dr. Pusey's challenge—(*Living Age*, page 430)—

July 23.

Sir—The words you refer to formed part of an answer sent by me to an application from an association

of persons at Devonport for my opinion in writing on the subject of certain resolutions passed by them, and which answer was published by them. These words correctly express my opinions. I decline to take either the first or second course suggested by you. With respect to the third, I deny that these words imputed, or that they were intended to impute, to yourself or to your friends, that your or that their doctrines are not open or avowed.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN ROMILLY.

To the Rev. Dr. Pusey.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

A NEW EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.—Eight years ago we parted with our set of the Waverley Novels, intending soon to replace it with an English edition. But from year to year it has not been convenient to do so; and the price of 50 or 60 dollars still presents an insuperable difficulty. An edition was begun some time ago in New York, not quite good enough in quality, but we hoped it would grow better. It stopped entirely. Lately an edition has begun to appear in Philadelphia, but the size of the page is almost too large. A very cheap octavo edition, in double columns, appeared some years ago. It comprised all in five or six large volumes, and was sold, we think, for 15 or 20 dollars. The price of this was possible, but it was not possible to read it, without great injury to the eyes; and besides the volumes were uselessly large; for why should we hold in the hand, at one time, Waverley, Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, and Rob Roy? Better times have at last come. Here is the best edition ever published in America, and the price is as low as that of the worst. THE LIBRARY EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS, published by S. H. Parker and B. B. Mussey & Co., Boston, is published at the rate of one volume a week. Each volume contains a complete novel. For instance, Waverley, the American edition of which was originally published in two volumes, is now complete in one. Guy Mannering complete makes the second volume. The Antiquary complete is the third, and Rob Roy complete makes the fourth. These books are of duodecimo size, the paper is good, the type large and handsome, and the press-work clearly done. The binding is strong and ornamental. On one side is stamped the head of Sir Walter Scott; and on the reverse is Abbotsford. On the back is the author's coat of arms. Each volume has two illustrations. This copy is from the last revised edition, containing the author's final corrections and notes. It is thus, inside and outside, in matter and manner, such an edition as is well suited to a gentleman's library, and we are very glad to place it in our own. It is even good enough to be presented to a lady; in proof of which praise, dear friend, we pray you to receive these four volumes and the others as they follow, and allow your children to read them.

This edition is to be completed in 24 volumes, price 65 cents each—or the whole series for \$15.60.

From MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS.

*The History of the United States of America.* By Richard Hildreth. Vol. VI. This work is now complete. It comes down to 1821—the year of the Missouri Compromise. Many of our readers will not agree with all the opinions of the author; but we believe (judging from the reputation of the work) that there will be little dispute about his facts. Mr. Hildreth seems to have made good his claim to rank as a standard historian.

*Dombey & Son*, in two beautiful blue volumes, with the best paper and printing, and very many illustrations.

*Pierre; or the Ambiguities.* By Herman Melville. Of this work the Boston Post speaks :

As the writer of the fascinating and *Crusish* "Typee," Mr. Melville has received considerable attention from those whose hard fate it is to "notice new books;" and as emanating from the writer of "Typee," Mr. Melville's subsequent works, ranging from fair to execrable, have been held worthy of lengthy critiques, while critics have been at some pains to state, in detail and by means of extracts, their various merits and defects. But we think it full time to stop this mode of treatment. The author of one good book more than offsets the amusement derived from it by the reading public, when he produces a score of trashy and crazy volumes; and in the present case, and after the delivery of such stuff as "Mardi" and the "White Whale," we are not disposed to stand upon much ceremony. Mr. Melville's latest books, we are pleased to say, fell almost stillborn from the press, and we opened the volume under notice with the hope and almost the expectation that he would not again abuse the great gift of genius that has been bestowed upon him. We hoped and almost expected that he had sown his literary wild oats, and had now come forth, the vivid and brilliant author that he might be, if he chose to criticize himself, and lop off the puerility, conceit, affectation and insanity which he had previously exhibited. But we reckoned without our host. "Pierre; or the Ambiguities" is, perhaps, the craziest fiction extant. It has scenes and descriptions of unmistakable power. The characters, however false to nature, are painted with a glowing pencil, and many of the thoughts reveal an intellect, the intensity and cultivation of which it is impossible to doubt. But the amount of utter trash in the volume is almost infinite—trash of conception, execution, dialogue and sentiment. Whoever buys the book on the strength of Melville's reputation, will be cheating himself of his money, and we believe we shall never see the man who has endured the reading of the whole of it. We give the story of the book in a few sentences. Pierre Glendinning and his proud but loving mother are living together, surrounded by everything the world, intellect, health and affection can bestow. The son is betrothed to a beautiful girl of equal position and fortune, and everything looks brightly as a summer morning. All at once, Pierre learns that his father has left an illegitimate daughter, who is in poverty and obscurity. His conscience calls upon him to befriend and acknowledge her—although, by the way, his proof of the fact that the girl is his father's offspring is just nothing at all. On the other hand, he will not discover to the world or to his mother the error of his (supposed) sainted father, and he adopts the novel expedient of carrying off the girl, and giving out that he has married her. His mother discards him and soon dies of wounded love and pride, and his betrothed is brought to the brink of the grave. She finally recovers somewhat, and, strange to say, invites herself to reside with Pierre and his sister, who, as far as the world and herself were concerned, are living as husband and wife. The relatives of Lucy, as a matter of course, try to regain her, and brand Pierre with every bad name possible. The latter finally shoots his cousin, who had become the possessor of the family estate and a pretender to the hand of Lucy—is arrested and taken to prison. There he is visited by the two ladies, the sister and the betrothed. Lucy falls dead of a broken heart, and Pierre and his sister take poison and also give up the ghost. This tissue of unnatural horrors is diversified a little by the attempts of the hero to earn his living by authorship, and by the "ambiguous" love between Pierre and his natural sister.

Comment upon the foregoing is needless. But even this string of nonsense is equalled by the nonsense that is strung upon it, in the way of crazy sentiment and exaggerated passion. What the book means, we know not. To save it from almost utter worthlessness, it must be called a prose poem, and, even then, it might be supposed to emanate from a lunatic hospital rather than from the quiet retreats of Berkshire. We say it with grief—it is too bad for Mr. Melville to abuse his really fine talents as he does. A hundred times better if he kept them in a napkin all his natural life. A thousand times better, had he dropped authorship with "Typee." He would then have been known as the writer of one of the pleasantest books of its class in the English language. As it is, he has produced more and sadder trash than any

other man of undoubted ability among us, and the most provoking fact is, that in his bushels of chaff, the "two grains of wheat" are clearly discernible.

*Mysteries; or Glimpses of the Supernatural.* By Charles Wyllis Elliott. "To the Spirit that inspires my friend, Catharine M. Sedgwick, these sketches of spirits and spiritual things are respectfully inscribed." Contents: the Salem Witchcraft; Children; the Cock Lane Ghost; Human Testimony; the Rochester Rappings; the Stratford Mysteries; the Voice of God; Oracles; Sibyls; Urim and Thummim; Divination; Astrology; Second Sight; Dreams; Demons; Spectra.

From GEORGE P. PUTNAM and Co.

*Scenes and Thoughts in Europe.* By George H. Calvert. Second Series.

*The Laws of Life, with special reference to the Physical Education of Girls.* By Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D. This is the second volume of Mr. Putnam's series of Popular and Practical Sciences. It will excite much attention, because its author is one of the earliest of the female physicians who has had a regular education and diploma. To vindicate the right and expediency of employing women as physicians for women, we hope for good success to this volume. Its subject is of primary importance. Bound in paper—price 25 cents.

*Historical Sketch of the Electric Telegraph; including its Rise and Progress in the United States.* By Alexander Jones.

*Bronchitis and Kindred Diseases, in language adapted to common readers.* By W. W. Hall, M. D. Redfield, New York. Seventh Edition. We have been informed that much which has been noticed as new, in several reviews of English works copied into the Living Age, had previously been given to the public in this work. Upon looking over a part of it, we are not surprised that it should have reached a seventh edition, for if we had time we should read the whole at a sitting.

*Physical Theory of Another Life.* By Isaac Taylor. Published by William Gowans, New York. The best edition we have seen of a work which will make a strong impression on every thoughtful reader.

*God in Disease; or the Manifestations of Design in Morbid Phenomena.* By James F. Duncan, M. D. Republished by Lindsay and Blakiston, Philadelphia. The English edition of this work has already been reviewed in the Living Age. "The view of disease presented is believed to be altogether original."

*The Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences.* Lindsay and Blakiston, Philadelphia.

*The Medical Examiner.* Edited by Francis Gurney Smith, M.D., and John B. Biddle, M.D., Lindsay and Blakiston, Philadelphia.

*Kossuth in New England: a Full Account of the Hungarian Governor's Visit to Massachusetts; with his Speeches, and the Addresses that were made to him.* John P. Jewett & Co., Boston. This is a very handsome octavo, and will form a memento of a very important event. We venture to say that nobody who took part in showing interest in the "mission" of this extraordinary man, will ever have cause to regret it.

*Irish Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson; and Characteristic Words by Thomas Moore.* Published by Oliver Ditson, Boston. This is a delightful volume, containing a great collection of the poetry and music with which people over forty years old have so many associations, and which has not been replaced by anything of equal value. It is very handsomely, even elegantly, bound, and gives for three dollars what was formerly sold for thirteen. It would be a beautiful and acceptable present to a lady.